2th, 1906.

JOHN BULL

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

—LORD BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY M.P.

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JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

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JOHN BULL'S BISCUITS.

AWARD NO. 4.

Because he stated in the House of Commons, that the Repatriation Proclamation which "JOHN BULL" criticised in a recent issue, was fairly translated into Chinese,

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
Under Secretary for the Colonies,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

and if it would not be unfair to other competitors, we should send him the entire Bakery.

AWARD NO. 5.

Because, since we have patronised his wares, he has become a Privy Councillor,

MR. GEORGE W. PALMER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Palmer Qui Meruit.

AWARD NO. 6.

Because she has preferred her own notes to £25,000 worth, which were to be settled upon her if she had married an anonymous admirer,

MISS VESTA VICTORIA
TAKES THE BISCUIT,

and may she enjoy it as much as if it had been a wedding cake.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

Hoch! Hoch!! Hoch!!! Three cheers for Zur freundliche Beziehung!!! Herren Schwann, Schuster, and Speyer added to the baronetage—which is one of the very best ways of dealing with the alien question.

Upon the first appearance of the Honours List everybody was congratulating John Ward, the burly Labour member, upon his promotion. Then they were asking what about Lord Furnace, and that sweet man, Pearson? And nothing for Major Seeley—and Austin Taylor? Where *is* political gratitude?

It is, of course, not true that Mr. Pirrie will take the title of Lord Combine. Nor is it true that Sir Thomas Lipton intends (when his time comes) to call himself Lord Preservus. Sir John Williams might as well (when *his* time comes) call himself Lord Deliverus.

Who *was* the recently created peer who told a friend that it was "much better to do these things direct than to go wasting one's time in the House of Commons," and that, as a business man, "he preferred to pay his price and get his goods and no nonsense about it"?

The omission of the name of Mr. C. Solomon Henry, M.P., from the list of Birthday Honours has caused much surprise—to Mr. Henry.

Overheard in the Lobby of the House:—
Mr. M. Levy, M.P., to friend: "Let me introduce my brother, Mr. Lever, M.P."
Friend: "But if he's your brother, how comes his name to be Lever?"
Mr. Levy: "Well, you see, originally our name was Lever, but I thought it too Jewish, and so I changed mine."

To the Liberal stalwarts who are disappointed by their exclusion from the list of Birthday Honours (and

their name is legion) the explanation is given that "This is not C.-B.'s list; it is really——" But, no, that is the sort of thing a Party whip may whisper, but a discreet journal may not print.

We must not, however, trespass upon the domain of "Jim Crow," who, in another column, gives his ideas—always original—upon this latest phase of what he calls the King's bounty.

According to the Lord Chancellor, a distinguished foreign judge recently said, "If there was a quarrel between your country and mine, I would advise my countrymen to leave it to the decision of three English judges." Of course, he was thinking of such a possible legal trinity as Messrs. Grantham, Lawrance, and Phillimore. Well, he was a shrewd fellow. His country would certainly get the best of it.

The latest commutation of a perpetual pension is that of the "Officer of the Pipe"—who is to receive 26.945 years' purchase of his annual allowance. Never heard of the Officer of the Pipe? Then we must explain to you that this allowance was granted in perpetuity to Mr. R. Harrison in 1835, as compensation for the abolition, under the Act 3 and 4 Wm. IV. c. 99, of the fees attaching to the Office of Remembrancer of the First Fruits and Tenths of the Clergy in the Court of Exchequer, which office he had acquired for a valuable consideration in 1798. We do not know whether the duty of remembrancing the "first fruits of the clergy" was very onerous in 1835, but we can quite understand that, in view of their "latest fruits"—the Education Bill—there is no longer any need for the post. And thus poor old England, with no money for old-age pensions, cheerfully gives 27 years' purchase for the abolition of this barbarous sinecure. Yes, we are a great country.

Here is a pretty specimen of non-sectarian tolerance, from a leading Protestant journal. A few months ago, when the engagement of Princess Ena to King Alfonso was announced, this publication ventured to predict that such a marriage would be "fraught with the gravest possibilities and dangers," and now that the marriage is an accomplished fact, our pious contemporary, like an advertising sporting tipster, comes out with a proud "What did we tell you?" Reminding its readers of its sapient prediction, it points not only to the bomb outrage (as to the failure of which it is silent), but reminds them that "one of our most modern and costly battleships has been wrecked on our coasts, at a spot near which perished one of the Pope-blessed vessels belonging to Spain's so-called 'Invincible Armada.'" Personally, we regard this sort of thing as blasphemy—but, then, what do *we* know of religion?

Mr. Cunninghame Graham has just published a story about Monte Carlo—without having studied the geography of the place. He relates how "a faint smell of perspiration and stale scent . . . came floating up" from the casino to the terrace. But the terrace is below the casino, which bottles up its smells with closed windows. And this is a physical impossibility: "walking to the balustrade, they stood and looked over the wide white road across the lawn." The only lawn visible from the terrace is the pigeon-shooting ground, which is not traversed by any road, wide or white or otherwise. The point of Mr. Graham's story turns on the omission of certain gentlemen in the casino to take their hats off to a harlot. But if Mr. Graham had ever visited Monte Carlo he would know that gentlemen do not take their hats inside the rooms. And this is how books are written!

In its issue of the 25th June, the *Globe*, in a leading article, appeals to the Press to desist from the publication of further horrors respecting the preparation of our food—and in almost the next column we are treated to a gruesome account of how "picked" cherries are prepared by "the simple process of biting off the stalks." Our contemporary adds that "of course, the lips of the Covent Garden porter may be sweet as nectar, but that they who saw the operation have confessed to a strong prejudice in favour of fruit in its natural state." And if the writer had seen bare-footed gentlemen in some of the vineyards jumping on the juicy grapes, perhaps he would have a prejudice in favour of natural wine!

Last Friday, on the occasion of the King's birthday, the bands and drums of the Brigade of Guards played the following pieces at Buckingham Palace:—

Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla.....Wagner
Overture, "Benvenuto Collini" .....Berlioz
Suite, "Scènes Pittoresques" .....Massenet
Ballet music .....Lacome
Benedictus .....A. C. Mackenzie

Out of these only one was composed by an Englishman, and he (as "Paddy" would say) is a Scotsman. The *entente* (*de facto* with France and *de futuro* with Germany) with a vengeance!

There is one prominent politician on the Opposition side and one on the Government side—neither of whom would care to have to say "financial statistics" after dinner. Wild horses would not drag their names from us. We think that is the correct phrase.

Lord Cromer's promotion will, of course, be regarded as "a nasty one" for Lord Milner. But if Mr. Paul gets his way, Lord Cromer has his troubles in store. The flogging of Chinamen by Lord Milner's authority in South Africa is as nothing compared to the flogging and hanging of Egyptians by the authority of Lord Cromer.

To accommodate the Jews—who are becoming an increasingly important element in Court circles—the King's Courts are hereafter to be held occasionally on Thursdays, instead of Fridays, so as not to clash with the observance of the Jewish Sabbath. Good news for Herren Schuster, Schwann and Speyer.

A very wide scheme of "devolution" has been promised to the Irish Nationalists for next year—at the latest. It will include a financial council, appointed or elected on the basis of the present Parliamentary representation—which is to have absolute control of all the funds contributed for Irish purposes from the British Exchequer. It is the prospect of this substantial instalment of Home Rule that has had such a pacifying influence upon the Nationalist party, and has filled the souls of the Ulster squad with sickness and despair.

The Russian massacres of Jews are exciting the Jewish communities throughout the world, and in all quarters of the globe vigorous protests are being made. Does it ever occur to the Jewish community that the remedy lies largely in their own hands? When Jewish bankers stop lending money to Russia, or else make their loans conditional upon the better treatment of their co-religionists, the condition of the Russian Jews will begin to improve. At present the Jewish bankers seem to think that they have done all that can be expected of them when they have contributed to the relief of their distressed brothers a very infinitesimal part of the fat commissions they make out of Russian finance.

Mr. Herbert Paul, M.P., is preparing a nasty quarter of an hour for the Government over the Egyptian executions. If he is not able to move the adjournment of the House, he is certain to get on in the discussion of the Foreign Office vote. Those of the Government fol-

lowers who protested against the Natal executions will now have a chance to show their consistency. Mr. Paul ought to have been looked after.

We do not profess to have followed very closely the sectarian struggle over the Education Bill. We have preferred to look quietly on, whilst all unconsciously the bitterest partisans were working for the only possible, the only logical, the only just, and the only permanent solution—the secular education of the children, leaving their religious training to their parents and their pastors. A few more object-lessons in the working of the so-called "compromise," and of the spite and bigotry—as much on one side as on the other—underlying it, and the thing is done.

In the meantime, we commend to our ardent educational reformers, as they are called, a little couplet from "Locksley Hall":—

"Love your enemies, bless your haters,
Said the Greatest of the Great;
Christian love among the churches,
Look'd the twin of Heathen Hate."

And whilst on this topic, what about Mr. Lloyd-George's invitation to us all to "Rally round the Bible"? What about the poor "Christian Scientists" and the "Peculiar People"?

Take the case of James Cook, the Lambeth carman, who, on June 26th, was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour, by Mr. Justice Bigham. He really believes in what Mr. Lloyd-George and Dr. Clifford preach. He refused to call in medical aid for his two daughters, and they died. In his defence he pleaded that he had conscientiously acted on the injunctions of Scripture, and quoted the following: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

Now, was not this man justified in pleading that, in the words of Mr. Birrell, he had taken his Bible as "the rule of faith and conduct"; and is not it a bit of a farce to punish one set of people for ridiculing the Bible and another for taking it seriously? Of course, but for State interference with religion these considerations would not arise.

The late George Jacob Holyoake was once asked whether he believed that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and he replied, "Try calling it a pole-cat."

According to one of the papers, the Metropolitan Electric Tramway Company, who have leased their lines from the Middlesex County Council, propose to ask Parliament to sanction bye-laws which will enable them to permit standing in the cars to a number within the discretion of the conductor. In the face of the strong public agitation against straphanging in our local trains, this proposal assumes the dimensions of the impudent. It is a proposal to squeeze dividends out of the public by squeezing them inside the tramcars, and we protest against it with every confidence that, if it does come before Parliament, it will be treated as it deserves to be. One of these days an Alderman, or a City Councillor, or a Poplar Guardian, or a Duke, or somebody equally eminent, will be crowded through the window of a first-class railway carriage, and his mangled remains will be discovered under the wheels of a passing train. When that happens the whole straphanging scandal will probably be squelched once and for all. Meanwhile, we can see no reason why the Metropolitan Tramways Company should receive the sanction of Parliament to experiment upon the ordinary people.

Is not it a monstrous thing that in the recent return presented to Parliament, giving the results of all prosecutions undertaken by the Public Prosecutor, the full names are given of the persons who were acquitted, together with particulars of the offences with which they were wrongfully charged? By what right are the names of these people (who surely are entitled to special consideration at the hands of the State) perpetuated in criminal records? Well may the Home Secretary say he will consider the matter.

A correspondent says he has an old book of Proverbs, containing this recipe:—"Grantham gruel, nine groats in a gallon of water." There is a nasty flavour of Holloway about this; but we are not downhearted.

When in need of diversion, travel by motor-'bus and watch fat ladies bobbing up and down on their seats like Tritons on a billow. It will make you roar like any sucking-dove, as Joseph Chitterling would say.

The Bishop of London has been commending to his lay helpers, at their annual meeting, "as an example, the courageous independence of John the Baptist," but his Lordship advised its exercise in combination with "a little tact." He then proceeded to give as an awful instance of this lack of "tact" the case of "a friend of his, an earnest Christian working man, who got kicked out of his workshop about every six weeks through his 'independence,' and then expected *him* (the Bishop) to keep his wife and children." After all, Bishops are very human. It is like the young Socialist, who, when asked if his religion required him to divide all he had with his neighbour, replied, after a pause, "Well, practically—*at any rate, he must divide all that he has with me.*"

The eagerness with which all the parties try to grab the soul of the child is only equalled by the eagerness with which they try to muddle his brain. The sort of religious training a youngster gets in the average school wouldn't elevate a cow, or improve the morals of a cockroach. The "religious" instruction in ninety-nine schools out of a hundred is dead waste. It is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring.

The Nonconformist Conscience is well enough, what there is of it; but it would be infinitely more valuable if it lent its energies to turning out of the National schools little gentlemen instead of little hooligans. Half an hour's instruction in manners, in teaching children to be kind, to be courteous, to be gentle, would be worth a year's instruction in "religion," as they get it. As it is, all a child seems to learn at school are the things he never remembers—and the way to address his mother as if she were one of the lower animals.

The "Frankischer Kurier" recently inquired, à propos of the Zulu rebellion, whether it did not look as if Bismarck's prophecy was on the point of fulfilment—that the British Empire would find its grave in South Africa. Of course you never can tell; but, at a hazard, one guesses that the grave of the British Empire will be dug nearer home; and if the tax-gatherer and the rate-collector have not a spade or two in it on the last day, JOHN BULL is no prophet.

The Foreign Secretary says he was unaware that the date chosen for the announcement of the resumption of diplomatic relations with Servia was the anniversary of the murders. The members of the present Government do not seem to be over strong on anniversaries! Witness that sad example of the Prime Minister and the birthday of the Poet Laureate!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to great demand on our space this week, the concluding chapters of "Barni—a Tale of Dead Men," stand over till our next issue.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

Judge and Gentleman.

In a recent issue we referred to Mr. Justice Lawrance's peculiar deliverances from the Bench. Here is the latest illustration of the observations we had in mind. Mr. Justice Lawrance was one of the judges who tried the Bodmin petition, and in the course of the trial the respondent's mother, Lady Clifden, gave evidence. As she was about to leave the box, Mr. Justice Lawrance let fly this delicate jibe at her:—

> "I am afraid you trust your husband more than he trusts you." (Laughter.)
>
> Lady Clifden answered: "I think he trusts me perfectly, and I do the same with him."
>
> Mr. Justice Lawrance: "But you trust him with a committee of ladies, you know." (Laughter.)

It is unfortunately true that judge and gentleman are not always synonymous terms, but one does not look for vulgar insolence of this sort from a High Court Judge.

Solicitors and Trade.

We have received the following letter:—

> "The Committee of the Liverpool Incorporated Law "Society have publicly stated that they 'see no reason why "solicitors should not carry on any honourable trade or "profession.' Now, I think there is one very good reason "against anything of the kind, which the members of that "learned Society have apparently lost sight of—that is, "the well-known fact that solicitors, as a rule, who do "engage in matters outside their own province usually "come to grief. The Bankruptcy Court records bear testi- "mony to that. To engage successfully in trade requires "the possession of sound commercial knowledge, and that "is something in which solicitors—as a body—are un- "doubtedly deficient. 'Let the shoemaker stick to his "last.' It is better so—at least in the long run—as has "been so often and so conclusively proved."

We are disposed to agree with our correspondent. The pronouncement of the Committee of the Liverpool Law Society is said to have been induced by the local accountants and auctioneers encroaching upon the province of solicitors. There should be ways of preventing this without solicitors trenching upon other people's business. But this claim to act outside their profession is not a new one. The Council of the Law Society gave the following opinion in 1887:—"The question having been raised as to the desirability of solicitors acting as auctioneers, the Council expresses the opinion that there is no objection to a solicitor acting as an auctioneer if he thinks fit to do so, but it would be necessary for him to take out an auctioneer's licence, and his charges would be regulated according to the general order under the Solicitors' Remuneration Act, and not according to the auctioneers' scale." And in 1893 the Council expressed the following opinion:—"A solicitor asked whether it was legal for him to do stockbroking or land agency work. The Council replied that they were not aware of any reason which made it illegal for a solicitor to act as stockbroker or land agent."

Circuit System Abuses.

Last week we directed attention to the scandalous waste of judicial time involved in the present Circuit system. The present assizes afford fresh illustrations. At Beaumaris there was but a single case for trial, and in addressing the Grand Jury, Mr. Justice Sutton said, "He was very sorry to trouble them to come there, as he had no business to place before them. On the other hand, it must be a source of great gratification to them that the inhabitants of that county had emphasised once again the fact that they had acted rightly towards their neighbours." No doubt; but what about the waiting suitors in the King's Bench Division, where, under a sane judicial system Mr. Justice Sutton would be helping to try their cases? Nor is it only the waste of judicial strength which makes the reform of the Circuit system so necessary. There is the injustice, gross and patent, to the innocent. Take the Kowen Murder case. The crime was committed in December last; the first trial took place in March, when the jury disagreed. Now there has been a second trial, and the jury have again disagreed. Here a charge of murder has been kept over a prisoner's head for nearly half a year. Is that as it should be? Is it not scandalously unfair to the accused? But nobody heeds. A case of the kind sometimes leads to a question in Parliament, oftener not; and for all the good that is done the questioners might as well have been silent.

Scotch Solicitors and the Law Society.

The Incorporated Law Society is a remarkable institution. It sees nothing wrong in a solicitor forcing a helpless debtor, to whom his creditor has given time to pay, a guinea before effect is given to the creditor's consent; but it prosecutes a solicitor who happens to be enrolled in Scotland for calling himself a solicitor. A day or two ago Mr. James McLaren was summoned at its instance under the following circumstances. Mr. McLaren is a Scotch solicitor with "brilliant testimonials," who came to England some time ago, and became managing clerk to a clerical agency in the Strand. In due course he had some notepaper printed, on which he described himself as a solicitor, and he used some of this notepaper in writing letters "to a property-owner on behalf of some tenants who had a complaint to make." This was his offence. The defendant said he must plead guilty to a technical contravention of the law. He could have done with impunity in Scotland what he now knew to be illegal in England. "Knowing of his Scotch qualification, he was surprised to find that it was illegal for him to use the word 'solicitor' on his notepaper." A good many other people will share his surprise. It might have been thought that the magistrate would have let him off with a nominal fine. Instead, "the defendant was ordered to pay fines and costs amounting to £10 10s."

Travellers and Accounts.

The carelessness of tradesmen in being content to assume that it is safe to pay any traveller who asks for an account due to the firm he represents was illustrated in a case before Judge Lumley Smith a day or two ago. A publican was sued for £17 worth of wine. His defence was that he had paid the account to a traveller, which was not denied, but the traveller, who had absconded with the money, was not authorised to receive it, and the publican has to pay it over again. "The mere fact," said Judge Lumley Smith, "that a man is employed to canvass for orders does not, in my opinion, make him an agent to receive payments." Probably that dictum would be upheld by the higher courts. Any way, the safe thing for the tradesman is to pay direct to the firm; at least, to refuse to pay the traveller, unless he has satisfactory proof that he is authorised by the firm he is representing to collect accounts.

The Burial Act and Burial Boards.

The Court of Appeal has recently decided that if a Burial Board wants an acre of land to use as a cemetery it is quite within the range of possibility that it may be necessary for it to acquire 12 acres in order to provide a margin round upon which no house can be built, since if a house is built, the occupier for the time being can get an injunction to restrain burial within one hundred yards of it, and so put an end to the use of the land as a cemetery altogether. This ruling rests upon the Court's interpretation of Section 9 of the Burial Act, 1855, which enacts that no ground not already used as, or appropriated for, a cemetery, shall be used for burials within the distance of 100 yards from any dwelling house without such consent as aforesaid. Lord Justice Vaughan Williams spoke of the results of what the Court were compelled to decide as to the construction of this section as "certainly rather alarming," and both he and Lord Justice Romer expressed the opinion that it could hardly have been the intention of Parliament when this Act was passed to put such difficulty in the way of acquiring land for burial purposes. The difficulty was with the word "already," which, as Mr. Justice Kekewich said in the Court below, "is a word in common use in the English language, and has no technical meaning." The case is another illustration of the clumsy drafting of Acts of Parliament, and the inconvenience and injustice thereby caused.

County Court Fees.

A correspondent sends us a letter too bitterly worded to permit of insertion in JOHN BULL, but with the tenor of which we are in hearty sympathy. His complaint is of the exorbitant fees charged by County Courts. He instances a case to which he was a party. He owed £3 5s. 3d. Summons was issued, and on it were the two items—"Fee for plaint," 6s.; "solicitor's costs," 7s.—bringing the debt up to £3 18s. 3d. The debtor had received no communication of any kind from solicitors. Putting the second item aside, how justify the 6s.? Surely the last object of taxation ought to be the suitor in the court to which the poorer classes are invited or compelled to resort. The fee on a writ in the High Court for a million of money is ten shillings, and at the assizes the hearing fee is ten shillings and sixpence, with thirteen shillings for the jury.

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

IV.—CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

Bernard Vaughan, you that are the prisoner at the Bar, hold up your hand. You have been found guilty of exposing yourself publicly, blatantly and indecently, thereby afflicting certain of His Majesty's good lieges with alarm and discomfort.

In former times the Jesuits were acknowledged, even by their most vehement opponents, to be prudent and clever. But, like most other bodies of men, they appear to have suffered the inevitable degeneration. It was certainly not prudent or clever to allow you to preach pontifically on their behalf.

I admit that the priest in the pulpit must be no respecter of persons; that his authority must depend on the fearlessness of his utterances and the admonition of high as well as of lowly sinners. But in order to carry conviction, it is necessary to be reasonable, moderate, judicial. You, however, have elected to scream in order to attract attention, turning mental somersaults, beating the big drum with all the feverish energy of a saltimbanco. Moreover, you have not verified your references, or studied your subject, or observed the rules of Christian charity, which we have a right to expect from ministers of religion.

AN ADVERTISING APOSTLE.

Your one concern, like that of a pill-monger or snippet editor, has been to advertise. You may have deluded yourself into the belief that you were advancing the interests of your Church, which is surely in no need of advertisement. In point of fact, you were only acquiring for yourself a noxious notoriety, which I imagine you will live to regret. Your methods are not even original. You have merely stumbled in the footsteps of minor novelists, injudicious journalists and other silly suburbans, who puff themselves up to abuse their social superiors.

A LOOSE LOGICIAN.

"The smart set"—a phrase probably coined in Grub Street or Tooting—is the text you have borrowed from those self-constituted censors. But with a mind almost as muddy as theirs, you fail to distinguish between the good and the bad, who are to be found in the aristocratic as in every other class. You have not yet made it clear whom you desire to denounce. Any stick seems good enough for you when you wish to make a hit. You find fault with the rich for their selfishness, and at the same time suggest that they do not pay their bills. But you cannot have it both ways. It is not the man who feeds his way into Society whom you can hold responsible for the sorrows of West-end tradesmen. If you are justified in condemning anyone it is the hanger-on of Society, but you cannot make Society responsible for his shortcomings, any more than you can attribute to an army all the irregularities of its camp-followers.

You would have made out a better case if you had imitated the vapourings of silly socialists and fulminated against wealth as a crime. Then you might have had logic, though not common-sense, on your side. You might then have drawn hideous pictures of the contrast between the struggles of the sweated and the doubtful joys of the hedonist. You would still have been as far as any other prophet from finding a solution to the problem which has exercised all ages in vain. But you would have escaped absurdity. Selfishness may be a sin, but it is a very old one, and not to be rooted out with strident sentences or a few elegant alliterations.

A PINCHBECK PHARISEE.

I am afraid that you are perhaps actuated by the old Puritan's ill-natured hatred of pleasure. You forget that a benevolent Creator, or indeed any friend of humanity, must desire to extend pleasures, not to curtail them; that a reduction of the amusements of the rich would not necessarily augment those of the poor. It may be wasteful and foolish to frequent Henley and Hurlingham, and to indulge in games. Forbid these and other harmless distractions. What substitute do you propose? Healthy, outdoor lives are now as much in favour with the rich as with the poor, and nothing would be gained by driving them to uncongenial and perhaps more dissipated pursuits.

One of the main reasons for the success of your Church has been the enlightened attitude it has adopted towards human nature, not asking or expecting too much, nor imposing burdens too heavy for the ordinary occasional sinner. But when one of her priests tells Society not to go to Ascot, and not to wear soft raiment, and not to respect riches; when he taunts those who are guilty of such innocent indiscretions with "hideous lives" and "a madness for pleasure"; when he brings out bell, book and candle to ban what is at the very worst a waste of time—he is firing blank cartridge in the air.

EVIDENCE FROM BELOW STAIRS.

I know you have gone further and charged this unfortunate "smart set" with infidelity to marriage vows. But the evidence you have adduced is not convincing. You told us that you had many letters from domestics, thanking you for your revelations, in which they presumably concurred. But the evidence of the servants' hall has always, and rightly, been viewed with suspicion in courts of law. The charity which obtains below stairs is not always of the same strength as that which thrives in the higher atmosphere. Cheap chaff comes to be mistaken for dangerous designs; harmless familiarities are distorted into criminal conversation; a general misunderstanding begets a hasty condemnation.

THE CATHOLICITY OF CO-RESPONDENTS.

And statistics as well as witnesses are against you. The Divorce Court is naturally distasteful to you, for your Church discountenances all dissolution of marriages, except by death or the Pope. But an examination of the law reports would have shown you that petitioners and co-respondents are not found nearly so often among ladies and gentlemen as they are among potmen and tradesmen and dwellers in the Potteries. When a noble lord sins against wedlock the fact is trumpeted abroad and brought up as proof of the rottenness of society. When ninety-nine villa residents err and stray, they escape with a paragraph in the yellow Press or a gibe from a purple pulpit.

VAIN VALOUR.

If you must try to set class against class, why do you not emulate the pastor of the City Temple, who risked his windows and his collection by telling working-men what he ignorantly thought about them. Or why do you not touch the ark of the middle classes, and denounce the tea-fights of Hampstead and the ping-pong of Putney, and the flirtations of the Fulham Road? Why do you only hit those who will never hit you back? Your crusade becomes a farce when it is directed against those who deem your diatribes a mere bad jest, scarcely worth a smile after dinner. You talk of your courage, but it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the fortitude which the smart set have exhibited under the storm of your fictitious displeasure.

Most of these offences might have been passed over, in view of their futility. Your violent assault has left no one a penny the worse in pocket or in limb. But you incur punishment by your offensive sycophancy of the Press. You have bowed down before the tin Baal of the "Daily Mail," and delivered yourself of the usual balderdash about the power of the quill. No doubt you will find advertisement in that quarter so long as you continue to advertise yourself. That may not be long, for you are neither original nor persevering.

SENTENCE.

The sentence of the Court is and the Court doth award that you be taken to the place whence you came, and that you be handed over to the secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Offensive Advertisements, to be detained in his custody until you shall have learned the elementary principles of Christian charity.

"CLAUSE IV."
"DR. MAC." REVOLTS.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

DIRECTORS AND SECRET ASSETS.

An interesting case has been before Mr. Justice Buckley—namely, that of Newton v. Birmingham Small Arms Company, Limited. For reasons which seem good to it, the Company passed a special resolution in the beginning of the year with the object of altering its Articles of Association so that the directors might have power to create what they called an Internal Reserve Fund; a sort of secret service fund which need not be shown in, or disclosed by, the balance-sheet, nor would the directors have been required to give any information to shareholders as to its amount, investment, or application. It may be urged that if shareholders, being fully apprised of the intentions of directors, and of the considerations which move them to make certain proposals, agree to give the powers asked for, there is no more to be said. The proprietors of a business, even though it be a joint stock concern, have the right to regulate the terms on which it is to be carried on. But the law does not give this absolute discretion to shareholders in joint stock companies. It rather seeks to guard them against themselves in many ways, and the question to be decided was whether there was anything in the Companies Acts opposed to the conferring of power of this kind upon the directors of a company. It was admitted in the course of the argument that the Companies Act, 1862, was silent as to accounts. The Act of 1879 contained for the first time provisions as to audit of accounts, but it is confined to banking companies registered after 1879 as limited companies. The Companies Act, 1900, sections 21 to 23, for the first time contained provisions as to the audit of the accounts of other companies under these Acts, and the point at issue was whether the powers sought by the directors of the Birmingham Small Arms Company could be conceded without contravening these sections of the Act of 1900.

The concluding sentences of sections 23 of the Act of 1900 require that the auditor shall state whether the balance-sheet exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the books, and Sir Robert Finlay, on behalf of the directors, argued that these words are satisfied if the auditors report that the balance-sheet does not exhibit a true view. But there are words earlier in the section which provide that the auditors are to report to the shareholders on the accounts, and by implication the Act requires that there shall be annually an audit of accounts resulting in a balance-sheet to the accuracy of which the auditors shall speak. But how are the auditors to do this if they omit on the asset side of the balance-sheet the assets which make up the amount standing to the credit of an internal reserve fund, and the contra items on the liability side? To omit these items is to show the financial position of the Company to be different to what it actually is. Mr. Justice Buckley held that the purpose of the balance-sheet is primarily to show that the financial position of the Company is at least as good as there stated, not to show that it is not or may not be better. The provision as to not disclosing the Internal Reserve Fund in the balance-sheet is not necessarily fatal to the special resolutions, if the balance-sheet be so worded as to show that there is an undisclosed asset the existence of which makes the financial position better. But the Act requires that the auditors shall report to the shareholders on the accounts examined by them. Now, the special resolutions provide that it shall be the duty of the auditor not to disclose any information with regard to the Internal Reserve Fund to the shareholders or otherwise, and Mr. Justice Buckley holds it to be inconsistent with the Act that the auditor shall be bound, even when he thinks that the true state of the Company's affairs is affected by facts relating to the Internal Reserve Fund, to withhold all information with regard to it from the shareholders.

If, for example, the directors had invested the Internal Reserve Fund in securities which might involve the Company under certain circumstances in great loss the Act, in the Judge's opinion, requires that the auditor shall be at liberty and be bound to report the fact. Mr. Justice Buckley therefore held that the special resolutions under consideration go too far; that resolutions which preclude the auditors from availing themselves of all the information to which under the Act they are entitled, as material for the report which under the Act they are to make as to the true and correct statement of the Companies' affairs, are inconsistent with the Act. This position would seem to be in accordance with common sense. It may be, and is often, necessary for the directors of a company to maintain secrecy as to matters connected with its trading, but it cannot be right that directors should be at liberty to divert large sums to an account of which they keep the shareholders in absolute ignorance. To give them such a power might under conceivable circumstances make the actual condition of a company altogether different from that which it appears to be upon the published balance-sheet, and that cannot have been intended by the Legislature when it dealt with the question of audit in the Act of 1900.

Kent Coal Again.

There was a pleasant meeting of shareholders in the Kent Coal Concessions, Limited, on Tuesday. Everything went off merrily as a marriage-bell. True, there was nothing novel in the object of the meeting. One always expects some new proposal at a Kent Coal meeting which involves an appeal to the pockets of shareholders, and Tuesday's meeting was no exception to the rule. The present Company, the last of a long line, is not much more than two years old, but it has overrun the constable, in this following faithfully in the footsteps of its predecessors. The ordinary share capital of the Company is £48,500, but the directors have only had £30,500 to play with. Of this £7,500 went for preliminary expenses and under-writing, then the mineral areas, etc., bought are estimated to cost £35,000, and other items bring the liability up to £46,000, or, as the chairman of the meeting truly put it, "about £16,000 in excess of the capital which was at our disposal." It seems a happy-go-lucky sort of way to spend £16,000 more than you have got before actually beginning business, but the directors of the Kent Coal Concessions are quite happy. True, "the immediate supply of additional capital is absolutely imperative," so imperative, according to the chairman, that "we could not afford to wait until the accountants and auditors have placed us in a position to hold our general meeting," which, by the way, is to be this month. And so Tuesday's meeting was called to pass a resolution authorising the immediate issue of £25,000. The only thing that troubles the chairman is the premium at which the shares should be issued, or whether the issue shall be made at a premium. His remarks upon this not unimportant point are so ingenuous that we give ourselves the pleasure of quoting them:—

> "We shall postpone such consideration until the very "last moment, having regard to the technical position of "the boring, for it is obvious that at any moment we may "be placed in such a satisfactory position by striking a "rich seam of coal, that it will be easy to place the new "shares at practically any premium from £5 to £10 per "share."

Mr. Arthur Burr, without whom a Kent Coal meeting would be incomplete, did not say much about the premium, but he told the meeting that "the coal—that is, the coal that is to come from the Company's property—is beautiful coal, and he had not the slightest doubt that they might even that day, or the day after, or in another week have a phenomenal success . . . He thought he could safely promise his Sondage shareholders 50 per cent. in August." It seems a little sanguine, and it is seldom wise to hamper oneself with dates when promising dividends from a Company that

ic only in its preliminary stage of existence, and is living on borrowed money. But Mr. Burr was always a sanguine man, as indeed all must be who find more money for a Kent Coal Company in which he is the controlling spirit. The resolution was passed without dissent, and Mr. Burr thinks that the shareholders will find "this little extra capital" without going to the public, which many may think fortunate—for the public.

Peak Hill and Mr. Simpson.

It is often puzzling to understand why shrewd men of business take cases into Court which their professional advisers must have told them they are bound to lose, cases which involve disclosures not very creditable to their business reputation. For example, how could Mr. George Darlington Simpson have supposed that he could win in the action brought against him by the Peak Hill Gold Fields, Limited, for surrender of the lease of certain property at Peak Hill? On Mr. Simpson's own showing he could not succeed. Even if he told his co-directors in a general way that he claimed the lease—and he does not say that he did more—that was not enough. It was not pretended, said Mr. Justice Warrington, in his carefully reasoned judgment—

"That anything more than the bare fact that "the property had been acquired by Simpson for "his own benefit was communicated to the Board. "In his judgment, even if he could find as a fact that "that was communicated to the Board in such a way "that they could understand it, it was not sufficient. It "was incumbent on Simpson, in the peculiar position he "held in the company, to make the fullest disclosure of "all the circumstances concerning the purchase, of every-"thing which would enable the company to determine "whether, having regard to all the material facts "relating to the transaction, they would insist on having "the property for themselves or allow him to retain it. "Such a disclosure as that it was not pretended was "given."

Now, Mr. Simpson must have known quite well that he did not make "the fullest disclosure," and, in fact, he made no such pretence. He must have known, too, that, not making "fullest disclosure" he could not hold the lease against the Company. Yet he fought the case!

Mr. Duguid.

After remaining with the *Morning Post* as its City Editor for four years, Mr. Duguid has now gone over to Lord Northcliffe, to be a sort of Director-in-Chief of the financial columns of the various journals controlled by that very enterprising Peer. Mr. Duguid is fond of change. Not to speak of earlier appointments, he has been City Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Morning Post*, and he accepted the City Editorship of the *Sun* from Mr. Hooley at the time when that gentleman thought he had the right to nominate, an appointment which fell through owing to the opposition of Mr. Hooley's partner, and led to Mr. Duguid receiving a handsome sum in compensation. As City Editor in Chief of the Harmsworth papers the public may be sure that corrupt considerations will not influence judgment—but that is the best we can say. Still, it is a good deal in these days.

NEW ISSUES.

The £130,000 5½ per cent. Debenture Stock offered by HANCOCK AND CO. (New Zealand) would seem to be fairly well secured, but we think it should be left to the local people who know the business. It seems to have been sold by one of the present promoters (Mr. Moss Davis) in 1895 to the vendor company, of which he became managing director, and he is to occupy the same position in the new concern. So-called profits are given for a series of years and show considerable increase. We say "so-called" because interest on debentures, directors' and trustees' fees, law charges, English income-tax, and depreciation of freehold and leasehold properties—the last a notable item—are not deducted, and it is a farce to talk about profits without making allowance for these charges. The object of the conversion seems to be to get rid of heavy obligations by shifting them to a new concern. We observe that "the company proposes hereafter to enter into a contract with J. Lyons and Co., Limited, for the supply of wines and spirits, and this will, it is confidently expected, result in an increase in the profits of not less than £3,000 per annum"—an interesting but somewhat puzzling intimation.

ENGLISH SEWING COTTON shares have been up to 28s., on rumours of a 20 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares. If they get half that their holders should be satisfied.

ENQUIRIES.

PENN. WYOMING COPPER.—E. W. (Brockley).—Don't touch them.

PREMIER DEFERRED.—G. D. (Leamington).—We should hold. The present quotation should be well within value.

FRENCH BONDS.—C. D. R. (Glasgow).—We know nothing against them, but you would get them cheaper elsewhere.

STEEL COMMON.—A. G. (Kingston).—There will be ups and downs, but we should get out. The price must go much lower before very long.

LIABILITY UPON CYCLES.—W. J. (East Ham).—If the facts are as you state them you have a good defence, but you must, of course, defend the action.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—ROSALIND (Tyne Dock).—If you *must* have a gamble, you may as well deal with this firm, but you naturally run a certain risk.

NORTHERN TRANSVAAL (SELATI) BONDS.—BONDHOLDER (Sydenham).—We shall have something to say about the matter next week. It seems to us that the Government are bound in honour to pay off the bonds at par. That was the conclusion of the Concessions Commission, which had Mr. Lyttleton for its chairman, and it is difficult to see how, upon the facts, any different decision could be arrived at. If the Government are justified in redeeming at 96, why not at 90, or 80? There should be payment at par or nothing, and nothing in this connection would mean simple confiscation.

SIR ALEXANDER ASHMORE AND "JOHN BULL."

In the issue of JOHN BULL, dated June 23rd, 1906, and in an article headed "The Ridgeway Scandal," after referring to the Ceylon Company of Pearl Fisheries, Limited, and stating that "Mr. Churchill "made it pretty plain that the whole thing was "an indefensible job," and after adding "that "this is a very grave and unusual statement for an "Under-Secretary of State to make with regard to the "action of the late head of his Department, but the facts "fully warrant it, and some of the most sinister do not "appear in the questions and answers in the House of "Commons," we proceeded to observe that "in discus-"sing the matter in Council" (meaning the Legislative Council of Ceylon) "the Lieutenant-Governor was a "strong and even vehement supporter of the scheme, and "would have let the Syndicate have the concession for "its original offer of £10,000. This gentleman" (meaning the Lieutenant-Governor), "as Somerset House "shows, is now a considerable shareholder in the "Company."

The Lieutenant Governor of Ceylon is Sir Alexander M. Ashmore.

We now find that Sir Alexander Ashmore is not, and never has been, a shareholder either in the Syndicate above referred to or in the Ceylon Company of Pearl Fisheries, Limited, and that he is not registered, and never has been registered, as a shareholder in either, and that in causing it to be understood that we had ascertained that he was so we were confusing him with another titled person in Ceylon, who is largely interested in the undertaking.

We are satisfied that Sir A. M. Ashmore has never had any pecuniary relations of any kind either with the Syndicate, or with the Company, or with any of the proprietors thereof.

We are further satisfied that he has acted throughout honourably in recommending for adoption by the Legislative Council of Ceylon a project which he believed to be of advantage to the Colony.

And we unreservedly apologise to Sir A. M. Ashmore for the unfounded aspersions which we have made on his character and conduct.

JOAN OF ARC.

By Frank Harris.

"The Flowe: of France" (Chatto and Windus).

I have no doubt that when Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy sat down to write the life-story of Joan of Arc he had read the best that has been written about her, and set himself to the work with becoming reverence. But if he had measured himself a little more carefully or appraised his subject a little more justly he would never have selected this theme, for he must have known at the beginning that he was hardly equal to the task.

Men have been writing about Joan of Arc ever since she reached the King's Court at Chinon in March, 1429, and it is only now, five centuries after her death, beginning to be possible to see her fairly or write of her in the true spirit. It may be worth our while briefly to trace how Joan has risen in the esteem and admiration of men during these last five hundred years. After her first astounding successes in the field, she was treated like a queen and ennobled under the name of du Lis (taken from the lilies of her banner); but even in those summer days the sunshine hours were few and fleeting, and the praise of one here and there was quickly overborne in the storm of detraction and hatred that followed on defeat. For many long years the prophet was without honour in her own country. Shakespeare gives us an inkling of the common view entertained of her by the English in his day, and though he was very young when he offended, his offence still remains as the greatest blot upon his literary fame. Nearly two centuries later Voltaire poured scurrilous contempt upon "the Maid" and her mission, and thus enabled us to measure his shortcomings as in a mirror. About the same time Schiller wrote the play in which he pictured Joan with admiration as a heroine, while saying little or nothing about her mission and the supernatural visitants who, as she believed, guided her to victory. Then came, about 1850, the historical research of Quicherat, and the essay founded on this knowledge which was written by Sainte-Beuve. This work, though greatly praised, is not as good as it might be. Sainte-Beuve does not recognise the saint and mystic in Joan; but he does realise in her the hero and woman. He shows us how wittily, gaily, she can answer the coarse pleasantries of the soldiers whom she meets on her way to the King, and he shows, too, the deathless courage which carried her triumphantly through the long trial and the fire-agony. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy has done nothing as good as this. He tells of the "voices" indeed, and of Joan's talks with Gabriel and Michael and other archangels; but he writes as a mere reporter, and he leaves the subject without attempting to realise for us Joan's perfect sincerity. Sainte-Beuve has done more in thirty pages than Mr. Justin McCarthy has done in three hundred, and Sainte-Beuve's firm, scrupulous French style is a finer frame than the little prettinesses of Mr. Justin H. McCarthy. The English writer, too, is afraid to show us the pure humanity in Joan as Sainte-Beuve shows it; in fact, he does not realise her at all, whether as girl, or hero, or saint or mystic; he talks about her and about, and interests us more in, Lahire, her soldier-lover, than in the incomparable Maid.

The sooner one forgets this book and reads again Sainte-Beuve's essay the better; or better still, let us take up again the account of her trial in Quicherat, and read that through, if indeed one can read it for tears.

The Artist Must have Faith.

It is curious that all the great Fathers of divinity, from St. Augustine to Newman, have been great because of a certain scepticism in them, a certain revolt; but, however it may be with the saints, faith is an absolute necessity to the artist. No one must write of Jeanne d'Arc to-day who cannot believe as implicitly as she believed in supernatural guidance. "But 'science' has changed our life," one cries, "and scepticism has got into our blood, and. . . ." But science is no enemy of truth, and if Jeanne d'Arc told the truth, it must stand to-day as it stood in the fifteenth century, and be explicable to every soul of man now as it was then. She heard "voices," she said, which directed her; and again and again she waited for their direction, and followed it at once. But in the great crises of life which of us has not waited for higher spiritual promptings, and, at least in youth, heard the "voices" which Jeanne heard? True, we do not all think that Michael is speaking to us, or Gabriel, or some other Archangel; but the voices are there, articulate-clear, and they do not come from self-interest or our lower nature, and it is often difficult for us to obey them. But this girl obeyed them implicitly for years and years; and when one success after another, one miracle after another, had resulted from their guiding, was it not natural for Jeanne to be filled with the ineffable assurance that the powers of good were lifting her as on angel wings to ultimate triumph? But whether natural or not, it is at least sure that only one possessed of the same conviction can catch even a glimpse of that heroic soul.

The Writer's Task.

It seems to me that the position of the writer, in face of so high and difficult a task, is something like that of Jeanne herself. "Someone must do it," he will say to himself, thrilling with the unearthly splendour of the achievement; "but not I," he will add, appalled by the immediate difficulty, "not I; someone who has lived a great life, and is all given to immortal longings; someone, too, who has seen the veil between the possible and the impossible, the natural and the miraculous, rent and tossed aside again and again; some divine personality who. . . ." But still the voices prompt and urge, growing more and more insistent, till at length the doubting soul takes courage, and turns to the work. Then the long preparation—for in such work as this success can only come by prayer and fasting and perpetual endeavour—and then the writing. Do not think the danger is all to the hero who faces the swords and arrows; the writer, too, has his foes to face, and they are just as real as English bowmen and just as hurtful.

Joan's Upbringing.

The writer who approached the task in this spirit would, I think, have to begin by painting the girl in her upbringing and peasant surroundings. As a child, we are told, she was noted for her overflowing high spirits, restless activity and vivacity. She was still quite young when she first heard the old prediction of the enchanter Merlin that the calamities which should befall France through the depravity of a woman would be removed by a virgin. In the country of Jeanne the tradition was current that this virgin would come out of the forest of Domremy, where Jeanne tended her father's sheep. What more natural than that this extraordinary spirit should take the tradition to herself. The noble strain was in her blood; her mother had made the pilgrimage to Rome, and bore the sacred surname, Romée; might it not be that she, Jeanne, was set apart for something great and difficult. Certain it is that while still hardly more than a child she began to live to the high enterprise. Always quick to learn (she was the best needlewoman in the whole countryside), and the favourite of the priests, who taught her, she would have nothing to do with the young men of the village who sought her favours; more and more she lived to herself, and gave her hours to solitude and prayer.

Joan's Mission.

The first hint of her mission came, of course, from the misery about her, the desolation of war; the burnt homesteads and bleeding corpses cried aloud to her, exciting and strengthening that womanly pity and passionate love of country which were part of Jeanne's immortal essence. Was not France lying like a girl stunned while rude Burgundian and savage islander outraged and defiled her unresisting beauty? Out of her

love and pity for France came to Jeanne d'Arc the feeling that something would have to be done, and slowly, and as it were against her will, the conviction was borne in upon her that she was called to the work. She had so often prayed to her dear saints to help France that at last they answered her, and the belief grew in her that she was the virgin chosen to take the sword, and (a curious feminine touch) save her King. As the defence of Orleans grew more desperate, the "voices" grew more definite; she must go and raise the siege and crown the Dauphin at Rheims.

At last she betook herself to the governor of the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, Robert de Baudricourt, who, after much hesitancy, yielded to her prayers and, wonder of wonders, sent two knights with her as escort: the first difficulty was thus not only overcome, but turned into a triumph. A month later she came to Chinon; the Dauphin refused to see her, and at length gave her audience while he hid among the spectators. But Jeanne had talked too much about "her King" not to recognise him; besides, she was too clever-quick to be easily befooled, and the trap to throw her was again the means of exalting her. All the world knows the rest of the story; how she entered Orleans by "a wonderful piece of good luck," according to the historian; raised the siege; defeated the English in battle after battle, and led her Dauphin to the crowning at Rheims. After these miracles is it difficult to believe that this girl, enskied and sainted in her passion, was compassed about through all that earthly pilgrimage of hers by innumerable choirs of angels? Call them how we will, the unseen powers which make for good were with her, and she trusted them.

Think of her sincerity: at the topmost golden hour of triumph, when Heaven itself seemed open to her, even as she stood beside her King in the great cathedral at Rheims, of a sudden hell yawned at her feet; her "voices" left her; she listens, and cannot hear them; she prays and prays, in an agony of entreaty; she begs her saints to intercede for her—all to no purpose: the angelic voices have left her, and she is too honest to pretend to the guidance which is no longer hers. She questions everyone: is the purpose of her life fulfilled in these fleeting months? No more triumphs? Ought she to be content with this half-success? Her prayers find no answer; her agony no response. The tragedy of it! All around her now perfect confidence and hope: "Lead us to Paris, where you will, it will still be victory," the nobles and knights cried, and in her heart the cold dread, and about her silence. In her loneliness she yielded to her officers, and went on without her guides to failure and capture. Always in her trial she said her punishment was deserved, because she went on without her "voices"; she took shame to herself for her pride and disobedience; but as there had never been a hint of personal ambition or personal seeking in all her life and labour, so now she was not left to utter ruin. In her need her "voices" returned to her: her heavenly visitants!

Her demeanour before her judges, her wise simple answers, her confessions of mistake, and her calm assurance that, since her "voices" had come back to her, all would still be well with her, no matter what the executioner might do; all this is of the highest. Of the highest, too, the way she bore the cross-questionings, and coarse browbeating of the Bishop-judge; the blows and insults of the soldiers in the prison, and the scorn, contumely and hatred of the mob—of a surety this girl had been called and chosen to the work which ended in the market place at Rouen. Or, rather, which did not end there; which, indeed, does not seem likely to end for a thousand thousand years to come, being as it is the greatest and noblest thing which France has yet produced; more magical in example, indeed, and miraculous in conquest of difficulty than anything yet seen in Europe—a portent which flames and reverberates through all our life still; as Shelley said—

"'. . . . . an echo and a light
Unto Eternity.'"

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

By JOAN STANTON.

What Suffragists Need.

Miss Billington's indignation at her release from prison and Miss Pankhurst's application for subpœnas for Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd-George and the Prime Minister as witnesses in the case against the other women rioters, is proof positive—if any additional witness were necessary—that the section of women who are bringing ridicule upon the whole feminist movement are quite destitute of a sense of humour. I am always so sorry for a woman without the saving grace of humour; it lessens her burdens while adding to her dignity and staves off the encroachments of old age.

More Work for Women.

The recent articles in the *Daily Telegraph* on the fight with consumption reminds me of an interesting point in school and home disinfection which has probably escaped your attention. It is one of the absurd anomalies of the English law that, while adulteration of the nation's food and drink is punished severely, anyone may sell a "disinfectant" which is without any practical value and escape unpunished and even unpilloried by the Press. The average general practitioner has very little knowledge of the values of the disinfectants sold, and the average purchaser has none. A vague idea that "carbolic" will kill anything prevails, and any "disinfectant" that smells of carbolic is accepted. As a matter of fact there are numbers of disinfectants sold that will not kill any germ except by twenty-four hours' constant immersion; there are others which will kill such hardy bacteria as the bacilli of plague in two minutes. Pure carbolic is the standard by which the strength of a germicide should be measured, and one or two bacteriologists are trying to introduce a Bill into Parliament which will provide that every disinfectant sold will have its carbolic co-efficient marked on the bottle or tin.

Fads and Frumpiness.

I wonder why it is that the average man or woman—and especially woman—who takes up a crusade, or becomes an "anti" something or other, ceases at once to take any pride in his or her personal appearance! I cannot think that any cause is furthered by its adherents departing from the beaten track in the matter of clothes, and neglecting those small refinements of life which add to the charm of man or woman. Yet it is the case that fads and frumpiness go together. The woman with some society's axe to grind usually persists in going around in an unbecoming hat, an uncompromising tailor-made costume and square-toed boots; if she were grinding her own axe she would wear frills, have her hands manicured, and be particular about her petticoats.

The No-Hat Brigade.

The Hatless Brigade trusts chiefly to force of example, and its faith would seem to be justified, for people with no hats on are ceasing to cause remarks from London's gamins. I notice that, while a great many women adopt the idea for their children, they have not discarded hats themselves to any great extent. It is a struggle between present and future benefits. On one hand there can be no doubt that sun and air are the best possible hair restorers; on the other, a hat often puts the finishing touch to a "well-turned-out" woman. The woman who cannot bring herself to do without a hat altogether can, at least, see that her headgear is small and light, and give it frequent doses of sun and air in the privacy of her own garden.

Keeping Cool.

The mere fact that, in this quaint climate of ours, we get our doses of what we call heat at irregular intervals, makes us suffer all the more when it comes. In countries where it is not unusual to be warm the inhabitants find it worth while to study how to keep cool; the average Englishwoman knows nothing about it, and in the middle-class household during a warm spell the inhabitants groan, the butter becomes oily, and everyone loses any desire to eat—and drinks immoderately. Here are some hints for the next heat-wave: Wear loose clothes as far as possible, and *very* thin shoes; avoid dark colours and black, which absorb and retain the heat. Avoid all carbo-hydrates in your foods, and eat lean meat, salads, fruits, brown bread, honey and cheese, with as little fat as possible. Take your drinks slowly, through straws if possible, and let them be light. Shandy-gaff is a pretty good drink for hot weather. Keep quiet if you can, and avoid worry—especially about money; ask your creditors not to send in any bills till a cold snap comes along; but, if they don't comply with your request, do not be angry—it makes you hot. Keep your windows and doors open and your blinds down. Read JOHN BULL.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

"The Sin of George Warrener."

"The Sin of George Warrener," by Marie Von Vorst Heinemann). This should rather be called the sin of Gertrude Warrener, because George Warrener only embezzles money that doesn't belong to him in order to keep pace with his wife's extravagance, and his wife was extravagant because she had a lover of a better class than herself who taught her not only passion, but also the refinements of life, the charm of dress, and so forth. From this brief account the reader will see that the story is rather like the story of "Madame Bovary," by Flaubert; but where the Frenchman lifted the theme to greatness Miss Marie Von Vorst is content with pettiness. Yet she gives us a sense of reality: the little American town of Slocum is studied, the surroundings realised, even in the washing that hangs in the backyard of the little frame dwelling; Gertrude Warrener and her husband and her friends live for us.

But, alas! Miss Marie Von Vorst is a Puritan; she starts with the belief that a sin against chastity corrupts the whole nature, and she corrupts Gertrude Warrener with a vulgar love for dress and finery, and automobiles, and so forth. But surely this crime, if crime it can be called, has another side; surely the constant companionship of an educated and cultured gentleman would have its refining effects on Mrs. Warrener; she might come to enjoy the beauty and grace of life through her sin in a way that she never otherwise could have done, and this part of the lesson is well worth telling. Or is the tract of the boy who went fishing on Sunday and got drowned to be the highest intellectual level reached in the imaginative literature of our time?

"Beneath Her Station."

"Beneath Her Station," by Harold Bindloss (F. V. White and Co.), is a good book, ill-named. Between an ordinary English girl, the daughter of gentlefolk, and the English gentleman who happened to be a gin-trader on the West Coast of Africa there was no difference in station whatever, so why talk about it? But the Englishman is well painted, and certain of the subsidiary characters even better then well. The local colour seems to me very thin; steamy-heat and undefined bad smells are not enough. I am not sure that Harold Bindloss has ever been on the West Coast: it is almost impossible to believe that he has been up an oil river for more than a mere tour, and as the local colouring is not adequately rendered, so the Imperial flame is overdone. The noble Imperialism and the poor description seem to me both to reek of Fleet Street, and if Harold Bindloss would drop West Africa and write about Fleet Street he would probably do better, for he has a sense of manliness and a power of painting character which is out of the common.

"The Princess Olga."

"The Princess Olga" is written by a gentleman called Ervin Wardman, and is published by Harper Brothers. It is a tale of Crevonia, some Anthony-Hope principality in Eastern Europe; but instead of a conventional prince whom all can sympathise with and like for his red hair, if for nothing else, there is a full-grown, immaculate, indestructible, incredible American prig, who is perpetually lecturing the woman he loves, the Princess Olga, in a way that makes one's blood boil. I prefer Anthony Hope to this, even Anthony Hope at his worst, and, goodness knows, that is bad enough.

"Sport and Travel in Abyssinia and British East Africa."

"Sport and Travel in Abyssinia and British East Africa," by Lord Hindlip (Fisher Unwin), is a mere sportsman's journal. Lord Hindlip had one exciting struggle with a lion, when he saved his own life and that of his companion by a shot at close quarters which killed the beast; but everything else in the book has been said over and over again. There is not enough originality in it to furnish forth an ordinary column article in a paper. Price 21 shillings.

"The Ferry of Fate."

"The Ferry of Fate," by Samuel Gordon (Chatto and Windus), is a story of the persecution of the Jews in Russia, and is done neither well nor ill, but to the level of the ordinary newspaper correspondent who gives crude opinions in the form of fiction rather than in high-falutin' reports. The book is "half-baked," and Mr. Gordon hardly more than a reporter.

AMONG THE THEATRES.

Last week in this column I told of my visit to the Duke of York's Theatre, where I heard Yvette Guilbert and Chevalier: I took up so much space in talking of Yvette Guilbert —of the artist she used to be and of the pretty, plump, respectable lady she has become—that I had no room left for Chevalier.

Albert Chevalier.

Yet it is always interesting to talk of Mr. Chevalier; not only because he is a great artist, but also because of the limitations of his achievement which are so sharply set that one is enabled in him to study how much the actor's physique has to do with his talent, and how far a great artist can overcome the disqualifications of the body.

His Race.

Mr. Chevalier is, I believe, half French, and he has a French figure. He is short and well-built, but a little heavily-set, and has rather a large head. His face is as distinctly that of a comedian as is M. Coquelin's; it is as expressive as if it were made of indiarubber. The heavy outlines and small nose render it curiously incapable of miming tragic emotion or romantic longings. Coquelin, it is true, makes rather a good romantic lover in Cyrano de Bergerac, and he wins his lady-love in the balcony scene; but only on condition that she does not see him, and that she can associate with the pathos of his pleading the romantic beauty of his rival's face.

Low Comedy.

In the same way Mr. Chevalier's face has been cut by nature for low comedy. He is a low comic actor of extraordinary power, equal, indeed, I think, to Coquelin at Coquelin's best. Low comedy, too, is the art in which we English excel: we have always two or three comedians, such as the late Dan Leno and Mr. James Welch, who are in the first class in this range of talent; in fact, we like this vein of low comedy so much that we have introduced it perforce into other arts. It made Rowlandson a painter and almost spoiled Hogarth; it is the talent, too, so universally admired in Dickens.

As a low comedian Mr. Chevalier pleases me beyond power of cavil, and the other day, when he sang "'E Can't Take a Roise out of Oi," he stirred me to the most genuine admiration, exciting my critical faculty by his challenge and satisfying it by extraordinary achievement. He looked the conceited old countryman to the life: the words were excellent, too, and he rendered them surpassingly. One would have challenged the stages of the world to produce his equal.

Mr. Chevalier as a Star.

But Mr. Chevalier was not content with this triumph: he went on to give us "A Fallen Star," which is supposed to represent the pathos of an actor's life. The writing seemed to me meagre and the pathos pumped up. There was no reason given why the actor who had been "a star" should have fallen to this drunken caricature of failure, save, indeed, drink. But an actor is not more inclined to drink than any other man; indeed, he is much less tempted than the journalist, and so the meaning of the sketch was rather to seek. Yet a true tragedy was nearer to Mr. Chevalier's hand: if he had told us how a great comic actor who had made fame and money and place in comic parts was determined to play Hamlets and Romeos, and by this ill-begotten ambition came to grief, he would have interested us much more, and he would have certainly been able by his physique to suggest how impossible it is for the low comedian to touch high tragedy.

Then Mr. Chevalier went on to give us an imitation of a curate reciting a song, "Mary had a little lamb": his make-up again was excellent, his intonations astonishing; but after two minutes of it we had enough; he could only repeat his effects, which he went on doing for a quarter of an hour.

It will be understood always that I write this merely to encourage Mr. Chevalier to give us something new in low comedy, the field in which he reigns as king.

"Suzeraine" at the Royalty.

For my sins' sake I have seen Réjane in "Suzeraine," which is a mere adaptation of the late Henry Harland's pretty little novel for boarding-house misses, entitled "My Lady Paramount." An almost unknown Italian, called Dario Nicodemi, has adapted the piece, and managed in adapting to keep its sugariness and increase its silliness; and Réjane appeared in this frightful garb! Really, after forty, when these ladies get stout, they run to sentiment like flowers to seed in autumn.

F. H.

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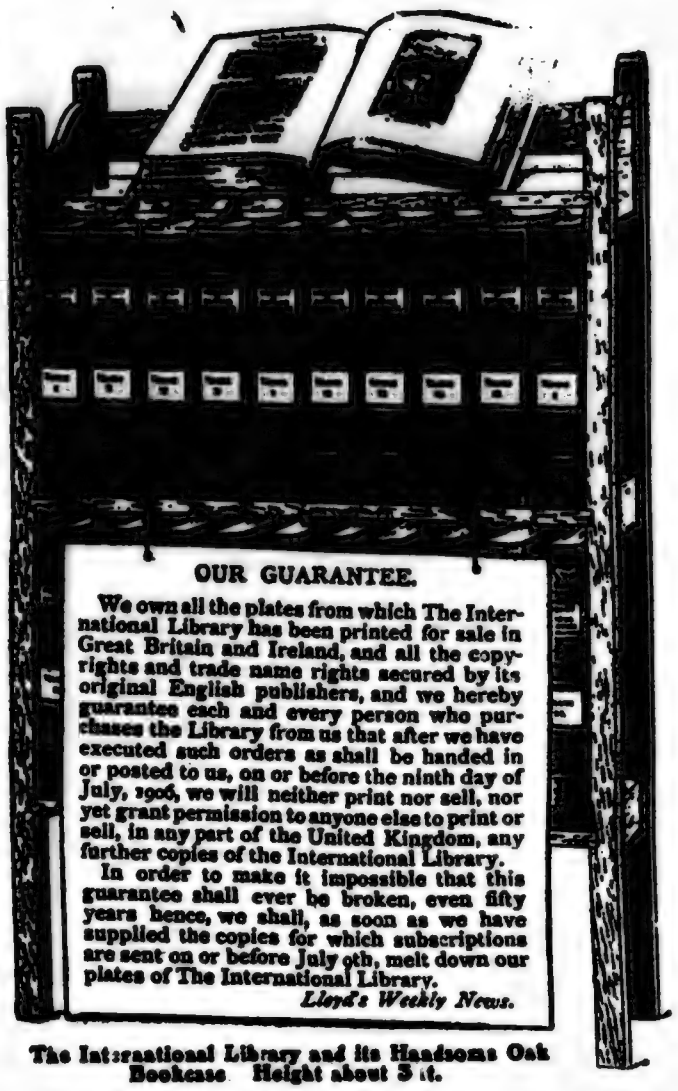

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JOHN BULL'S OPEN LETTER.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Northcliffe.

Dear Alfred,—

What can we say to you? Where shall we begin—and where end? It is now more than twenty years since, after, with much care and loving tenderness, initiating you into the mysteries of the journalistic craft, we sent you forth—a lean, lank youth—to put into practice the lessons we had taught you. The son of a brilliant father—one of the wittiest men who ever donned a wig and gown, and whose all-too-early death took from us a dear and valued friend—you came to us in those early eighties—pale-faced, sleek, pensive—to continue, under our guidance, the Press career upon which your heart was set. And happy days we spent together. For we, too, were fired by great ambitions; and as we saw with pleasure and with pride how, under the ripening rays of the sunshine of experience, your latent powers developed, we discoursed freely of our plans for a great newspaper Trust. You listened with intelligent interest; and when, a few years later, we unsuccessfully endeavoured to lay the foundation of the project, by the Hansard Union (and nearly went to prison for our pains!), it was but meet and proper that you should take up the scheme we had muddled.

You had made a sort of start with *Answers to Correspondents*, but as the correspondents would not come, and as *Tit-Bits* was just then "catching-on"—you dropped a part of the title and made it *Answers* only. And it answered.

Thus, having with that power of absorption which is the essence of your genius, assimilated the undigested fragments of our own poor brains and those of Mr. Newnes, you set out on that field of conquest in which, so far, you have never yet looked back. The *Evening News*, upon which others had lost fortunes, came to your hand, and the problem of halfpenny evening journalism (which till then had been regarded as the sacred monopoly of the *Echo*) was solved. Here, again, your genius came in. The *Star* had thrown down the gauntlet to the highly respectable, and consequently somewhat sleepy sheet from Catherine Street (now, of course, defunct), and that had given you ideas. On, on you went—like a veritable journalistic tornado, carrying everything before you. And to-day you are acclaimed by all the Napoleon of the Press. It is a dangerous title, Alfred, and don't be led away by it. Always remember Waterloo and St. Helena. We were once, ourselves, called the Napoleon of Finance. It was when we were paying big dividends and giving out big advertisements. But that, by the way. Candidly, we do not think you are likely to be "spoofed" by sycophants or deluded by success. It was different in the old days, wasn't it? You remember that little incident with the Eton boys, when you were editing our paper, *Youth!* How they hoaxed you with their fairy tales of Life at Eton, describing, amongst other things, that "Eton Pudding"—which they made into a football! Do you remember the inquiry instituted by the Headmaster into the authorship of the letters; and above all do you remember that leading article in the *Standard*—or was it the *Telegraph?*—on the "Gullibility of London Editors"? But we were all young then. And, again, you have absorbed wisdom. For, recognising that the greatest of human successes are but transient, you have laid your plans. Capitalising every successive source of income, and quietly withdrawing your own name from both your buildings and your publications, it would appear that Titled Respectability and Consols is to be your future motto. Thus, *should* the crash ever come (and it comes as a rule, Alfred, like a thief in the night) who of your brother peers shall identify the collapse of Carmelite House, or of the Amalgamated Press, with the private life of the good Lord Northcliffe? Harmsworth Brothers, Harmsworth's Magazines, Harmsworth Buildings—these are all things of the past. None the less we must draw aside the veil of unctuous respectability and ask, How are you doing all these things? Is it all by legitimate, honest, and, as things go, clean journalism? We are not squeamish, as you know, And if by your methods you can squeeze a fortune out of the *Daily Mail*, and *Answers*, and the *Daily Mirror*, and the *Evening News*, and the *London Magazine*, and the *World and His Wife*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*, and the *Observer*—well, good luck to you. What if your Pekin massacres *were* imaginary—*that* was enterprise, as understood in these days. What if a few mothers and sisters went about half-dazed with wet eyes and heavy hearts—it was soon over. Yet it *was* a little cruel when you think of it. And what if you give away tea, or sell pencils, or risk people's lives by a scramble for tram-tickets, or distract the poor by searches for "Hidden Treasure"—this is all commerce.

But shall we be far wrong in suggesting that your main profit comes from a more obscure source? So far, we have mentioned only those of your principal publications with which all the world is more or less familiar. What about the score of others—the *Butterfly*, *Comic Cuts*, *Cosy Corner Novels*, *Forget-Me-Not*, *Girls' Friend*, *Home Chat*, *Home Circle*, *Penny Pictorial Magazine*, *Woman's World*, *Sunday Circle*, *Sunday Companion*—and all the rest of them?

Take a glance at the "Sunday papers" first—all "edited" by a gentleman who has been connected with you for the past twelve years, and a director of your company. The *Sunday Circle*—"the best paper for the Home"—contains a serial story which for unhealthy and unwholesome sensationalism could not be surpassed. We also find in it a letter addressed to "my dear girl readers," from the Editress of one of your other papers (the *New Home Circle*), telling them:—

> "If you wish to marry, or if you have a friend who "wants a husband . . . . surprising as it may seem, "I shall be able to offer a husband to one of my readers. "He is good-looking, and wishes to marry. . . . The "Editress, knowing the loneliness of many girls' lives, is "willing to introduce readers to suitable husbands."

What do you think of that, my Lord? Come with us again. Here is the *Sunday Companion*, with a serial by the Rev. Silas Hocking, replete with the wrong man declaring love to the wrong woman, in passionate tones, whilst she "lies unconscious in his arms." Then there are remedies "in perfectly plain and sealed envelopes" for blushing and all sorts of things, "herbal remedies for all ailments," and swindling jewellery advertisements. Now, have a look at another, *Horner's Weekly*—also one of your productions—picture post-card competitions—the reader being asked to send half-a-crown on the chance of winning five pounds, with hypocritical diatribes against betting and gambling—the two main sources of your *Evening News* income! And now the *Butterfly*, and *Puck*, and the *Jester*, and *Comic Cuts*—all "specially written for children." In one of them we are told, with illustrations, how two boys, disguised as girls, got into a girls' school. And when they were discovered one of them was saluted "by Flossie" with a "Yum—yum—yum," whilst the other

> "Was very busy introducing the new craze of kiss col- "lecting to the rest of the girls," and "they all agreed it "was much nicer than gathering picture post-cards. . . "Yes, girls and boys, you bet there was some sport at the "academy whilst the merry midshipmen were aboard "there. . . . It was a pity that the 'hen' should spoil "the fun by putting in her face just as Jack was giving "the girls a drawing lesson. . . . Flossie was so "taken aback that she was taken right off her pretty "tootsies with surprisement."

In another of the "specially written for children" papers *five* boys are smuggled into a harem. They had—

> "A delightful time of it—*Turkish delight*. . . . Had "they been bonbons, the girls couldn't have treated them "more to their taste."

Lose no time, we admonish you, in clearing your stable of this filth. Let it not be said that to all the new-found passports to the Peerage has now to be added the prostitution of the Press. *Noblesse oblige.*

Affectionately yours, John Bull.

"UP A TREE."

A CHAMPION OF HER SEX.

MRS. McTAVISH DISCOURSES ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

"It's a fine din the wimmen are raisin' the noo," said Hamish McTavish, laying down his newspaper and looking up at the wife of his bosom as she sat patching the rear aspect of the junior McTavish's knickerbockers in the kitchen of their half-house in Battersea. "Ye micht think the de'il hissel' had haud o' them by the shindy they're makkin' at Mr. Asquith's hoose. The puir mon's afeard tae gang oot by the front door. Its awfu', awfu'. An' they ca' this a free country."

Mrs. McTavish was a lady who did not often read the newspapers. The doings of the world outside the McTavish household were usually filtered to her through her guid man, who had settled down in his chair after tea.

"I dinna ken what wimmen ye're meanin'," said she. "What hae they been up tae?"

"Ye should read the papers for yoursel'," replied McTavish. "They're wonderfu' informin', when ye can believe them."

"Ye'll tak michty guid care a puir bodie gets no chance," retorted the lady with spirit; "it's yersel' first an a' the time, ye ken. A woman bodie's naething nor nobody, except tae wark, an' slave, an' patch. It's you wha's a' the guid times of it."

"Dinna fash yersel' sae muckle," replied the McTavish, imperturbably. "I'll tell ye a' the news. Accordin' tae the reporters an' the special correspondents at the front, the Wimmin's Richts Movement's been in action. It's been wavin' banners, an' handkerchiefs, an' matinée hats, an' umbrellas, an' ither deadly weapons. It's assembled an army in Cavendish Square, whaur the Chancellor o' the Exchequer comes frae. It's been stormin' the puir mon's hoose. It's been ringin' his door-bell. It's been rousin' the butler an' drawin' a' the neighbour fowk tae the windows. It's been kickin' the shins o' the policeman on the beat, an' tryin' tae scratch his eyes oot. It's been shriekin' for Mr. Asquith tae come ootside and see what'll happen tae him if it gets haud o' his deestinguished hair. It's been gettin' run in tae help the advertisin', refusin' tae pay the fine, an' sufferin' the pangs an' tortures o' thin parritch in the prison cell for the glory o' the cause. Guid Lord deliver us. I'd no send them tae prison. I wad charge them wi' being wanderin' lunatics, an' clap them a' in an asylum. The puir, weak, blithering bodies hae na mair sense than a fly on the edge of a treacle pot. They're clean daft."

The good lady had listened with staring attention, open mouthed. "Oh, na doot ye wad trample on them if they wad let you," she replied. "A' the men are alike. But why canna this Mr. Asquith let them hae the vote if they want it, puir things. It's not a bit o' guid, sae far as I can see, but it wad look thochtfu'. Ye've the vote yoursel', though what ye dae wi' it the Lord alane knaws. It's michty little wages it gi'es you, frae what I see o' them."

McTavish moved uneasily in his chair. "Votes for wimmen wad be a revolution," he stammered, "an' missel an' Mr. Asquith canna bring oursels tae believe that a mairciful Proveedence intended a petticoat tae be equal tae a pair o' trousers. Sich a thing's contrary to nature. It wad be an affront tae the intelligence o' my noble sex, ye ken. Besides, there's mair petticoats, an' whaur wad the men be if the wimmen had the votes, dae ye suppose?"

"I dinna ken an' I dinna care," promptly retorted Mrs. McTavish, "but if the wimmen voted like me ye can bet there wadna be seven hundred o' them in the Hoose o' Parliament. Ye blether aboot the wimmen daein' a' the cacklin, but——"

"Whaur there's geese there's cackle, an' whaur there's wimmen there's talk," McTavish rapped out. "It's a michty grief tae me that the Wimmen's Richts Movement didna gie ye a flag tae brave the battle an' the breeze wi'. Ye wad ha' been run in the noo, an' mebbe daein' a month for assaultin' a policeman in the execution o' his duty. It's an ill wind that blaws naebody a bit o' luck."

"It's richt glad I wad be tae dae the month for rest an' change, Hamish McTavish I can tell ye, though ye wadna be lang afore ye was writin' up a petition tae the Hame Secretary tae let me gang oot, because ye'd naebody in the hoose tae mak ninepence spin oot tae half-a-croon. Ye've putten me up tae it a', noo, an' when there's anither procession o' wimmen marchin' on the Lord Chancellor, or whatever ye ca' him, ye'll leave wark tae find me in it, an' your dinner whaur ye like tae get it. It's clear noo why them wimmen want the vote. Na doot they're marriaged, or hae been."

McTavish took a deep breath as his good lady closed down for a moment and glared at him angrily. "Wrang again, guid wife. Maist o' them are juist on the shelf."

"Then the puir creatures are takkin' na chances in case they're fuils enoo tae get marriaged yin o' these days," was the retort. "They want the vote tae be level wi' the men they marry. It's a' as clear as daylicht. When the wimmen hae cleared oot the men frae the Treasury Bench ye'll see a muckle change, I'm thinkin'. It's na the men wha'll hae a' the say then. Lord a massy, it'll be like heaven."

McTavish hoisted his feet on the table, and leaning back in his chair, laughed till he wrecked two buttons and his collar stud had disappeared down his neck.

"Tak your feet frae the table," demanded Mrs. McTavish.

"Didna ye hear what I was sayin'?" she repeated angrily, with the blood in her face. "Tak them doon, or I'll fling them doon. Frae this day I'll shaw ye wha's the guid mon."

For an instant it was a war of looks. McTavish saw the wrath in his wife's eyes as he had never seen it before, and slowly his feet sank down to the floor.

"Ye'll mak a Wimmen's Rights body if ye practice," he said with a grin, "an' mebbe you'll be elected Prime Meenister yin o' these days. Then, pairadventure, ye'll gang ower tae the lady leaders o' the Opposeetion and pull their hair for puttin' their feet on the Treasury table efter the way o' Mr. Balfour an' Mr. John Burns lang syne; an' if ye canna get at their hair, mebbe ye'll think it your duty tae go for their feathers. 'Twill be a graund sicht, ye ken—a graund sicht."

"Dinna think I'll ask ye what I'll dae, anyhow," retorted Mrs. McTavish. "The men have had their feet up on the table lang enoo, ye mind me, an' if the wimmen wad like tae put them up for a change, mebbe I wadna see suffeecient cause tae interfere. At a' events, Hamish McTavish is goin' tae be sma' taties frae this minute an' verra few in the row, an' so he'd better haud his tongue the whiles I get this patch on the bairn's breeks. Ye micht think that——"

(House left sitting.)

JOHN BULL AND JONATHAN.

[*Bishop Potter has been telling a Yankee interviewer that there is no love lost between the Englishman and the American.*]

Oh, Bishop—Bishop Potter, it's a cruel thing to say,
That I do not love the Yankees much at all;
I presume that you are mocking, for it's very much too shocking,
And it's really not the sort of thing to bawl.
I do not mind admitting there are things they do and say,
To which I never feel at all inclined;
They are given much to bouncing, which I cannot help denouncing,
For it's not the least according to my mind.
I don't believe that Yankeeland's the greatest show on earth,
Or Jonathan the greatest man alive,
But no doubt he takes some ranking when it comes to lovely swanking,
And there's nothing that he somehow can't "contrive."
He has learned to pile up treasure in the very fastest way,
For hustling always was his little game,
And it's clear from dark Chicago that he'll deal in any cargo,
If he can but get the dollars to his name.
I've heard it often said that he has neither heart nor soul,
But that I've got permission to deny,
For his virtues they are many when you catch him out with any,
And you never find his wife and daughters shy.
No doubt he's rather careless in his handling of the truth,
And needs a rather better moral tone,
For the fibs which spring diurnal from his awful yellow journal
Can be run at ten to one against my own.
But with all his many failings he's my cousin, don't you see,
And a pleasant sort of fellow when he's good,
For despite his shocking can-hood he has all the grit of manhood,
And I've got a sort of feeling for the blood.

T. T. DEE.

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THE KING'S BOUNTY.

By Jim Crow.

Some Sovereigns have signified the hilarity natural on their birthdays by letting loose notorious criminals upon society. The humour of our merry Monarch, and his no less pleasant Premier, takes a less dangerous form. In celebration of an anniversary which it would be ungracious to remember only once a year, all sorts of harmless and picturesque personages are gratified with peerages, dumped into the beerage or the baronetage, pushed into the Privy Council, or adorned with alphabets after their names.

Conservative wire-pullers have invited ridicule by honouring a Harmsworth, or conferring the accolade upon a knight of the pen, or labelling a money-bag. But from the great democratic Government, and the greatest majority of modern times, it was expected that merit would be the only consideration. It was, therefore, a disappointment to find that golden keys still open the riband-box; that the Fountain of Honours should still appear a Fountain of Horrors.

Birthday Business.

I knew that his Majesty's Government was not entirely in sympathy with the cry of England for the English. I remarked the other day that his Majesty's Court was altered in order to enable Israelites to attend synagogue. But I did not expect to find so wholesale and unwholesome a deference to the might and majesty of the alien within our gates. Schwann, Schuster, Speyer (what an exercise for lisping lips!), Brunner, Gould, and, last, but not least, Gold, are now names to conjure with, at any rate in Parliament Street, and the Party coffers will now be ready to deal with any possible election. The ghettoes of Frankfort and Switzerland have been ransacked to some purpose, and it is to be hoped that the Chief Whip is satisfied with the result of his birthday deal. At any rate, a well-known paper-maker has received something in exchange for his bank-notes, and many prominent philanthropists have an excuse for exhibiting their gratitude.

The Cult of the Constituencies.

An eye has also been kept upon the possibilities of polls. Sir Weetman Pearson, for instance, has been disappointed of the distinction which everybody foreshadowed, lest the exiguity of his majority should cause the enemies of the Education Bill to blaspheme. Mr. Leonard Courtney and Mr. Shaw Lefevre, on the other hand, having become impossible for the House of Commons, are sent to swell the ranks of the cranks in the gilded chamber. Both are excellently serious humorists, who will add considerably to the gaiety of their new peers.

Appropriate Elevation.

Other jests have been perpetrated in the raising of John Jones Jenkins, who may now be hailed with cries of "Up, Jenkins!" in the "elevation" of a prominent temperance advocate, Mr. Whittaker; and in the attention offered to Dr. Farquharson, M.P., whose qualifications are summed up as follows by Lord Northcliffe: "famous for saying in the House of Commons 'I own a mountain.'" I am reminded of the ambitious cleric named Mountain, who urged a certain Sovereign to obey the scriptural injunction, "If thou hast faith as a grain of mustard-seed, say unto it, 'Mountain, be removed into the see.'" The sea meanwhile is honoured in another direction. The same Lord tells us in his yellow journal that it is "as well that a nation which commands the sea should honour a shipbuilder like Mr. Pirrie." That is a praiseworthy notion, for the gentleman has no connection with Perrier, the natural startling water, and caused the party exchequer to flow when it threatened to ebb.

Turning to the same noble authority, I find that it was a mark of filial piety to confer a peerage on Mr. Armitstead, "whose hospitality so often cheered Mr. Gladstone's declining years." That, convivial as it may sound, is as nothing compared to the parental piety which inspired the recognition of an under-secretary's father. Nepotism I have always been taught to reprehend, but I am now reconciled to the prospect of possible avuncularism. It is the wise man who knows his own father, but a wiser under-secretary who makes him a baronet. It is also at least gratifying that neither Smith nor Jones nor Brown have been neglected. This is the age when we all bow down to the proletariat. But is it not almost a national scandal that poor Mr. Robinson should have been left out in the cold?

Buskins for a Buffoon.

I hate to find fault when I am convinced that all has been done for the best by the best of all possible parties. But Sir F. C. G. gives me the staggers. It is not merely that I mistrust these fellows who are familiarly greeted with initials; not merely that I dread a possible Sir G. B. S. or an improbable Lord P. O'T. But knighthood suggests to me something of chivalry, with lists and ladies' favours, or at any rate windmills galore. I passed over the decoration of Sir F. Burnand because *Punch* is a serious paper; I did not shudder at Sir Squire, for I remembered that Lady Bancroft was a distinguished dame. But it shocks me to think of a creator of comic cuts sharing the title of Lancelot and Bedivere. However, the honour has already been snatched by aldermen and other pacific persons, and I console myself with the reflection that, if he cannot draw blood in a tourney, neither can he draw.

Snobbery at least has received its deathblow. Men have bowed down to ancient names long after those names have ceased to uphold their traditions. Shady solicitors, sharp stockbrokers, meretricious mummers, and all sorts of adventurers have been foisted upon the rôle of fame. It may now become possible to revere a gentleman, whenever he may still be found, for his title belongs to him either by birth or instinct or education, and does not need to be conferred by the King's bounty.

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that completely eradicates Uric Acid from the blood, and thus permanently frees the system from those painful diseases that this insidious poison makes mankind bear.

Not only does rheumatism give evidence of Uric Acid in your blood, but the cruel twitching pains of gout, the inherited agony perhaps of a dozen generations of ancestors, points the finger at the same common origin. Uric Acid is at the root of the evil.

There is only one way to free your blood of Uric Acid. The poison in your blood that stiffens your joints, that pierces you with sharp excruciating pains, can be forced from you in a manner as pleasing and soothing as it is effectual. Place the contents of one tin of Anturic Bath Salts in your bath. Have the water as hot as you can bear it, and from the very moment that you enter the bath you will feel a change for the better.

You wish, doubtless, for some substantial proof of such a statement. Here is a letter just received from Mr. Harcourt Coats, M.R.C.S.E., L.R.C.P. Lond., of Salisbury, which reads:—"I tried the Anturic Bath Salts in my own case of Acute Sciatica, and was much surprised at the relief it gave me.

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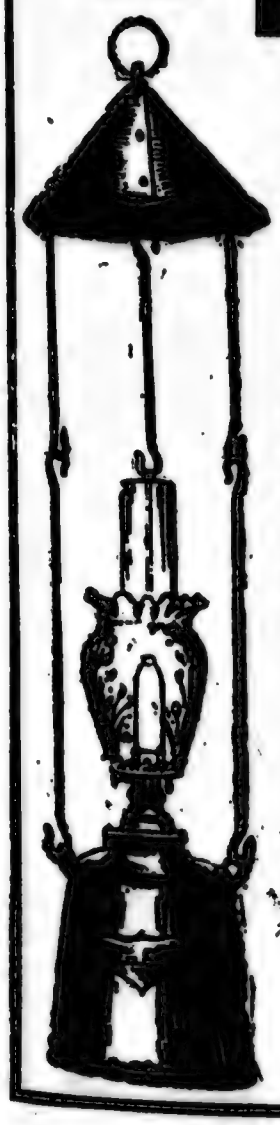

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SHAMS:

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE—(*concluded*).

By ANTI-HUMBUG.

In concluding the series of articles in which we dealt with this Institute, we said that we should be ready to give publicity to any representations by ex-patients intending to show that in some cases at any rate, the treatment is a success, or that we had inadvertently mis-stated some matter of fact.

In reply to this invitation, we received a letter from one of the persons whose cases are given in the pamphlet issued by the Institute as proof of the success of the treatment. This gentleman told us in his letter that his cure was complete, and that his gratitude to the Institute was such that if we cared to see him, he would be happy to call Accordingly we invited him to call, and we are bound to say that, so far as we could see, his was a genuine case of cure. He told us that he was in a sad state, owing to drink when he went to the Institute; that he took the treatment for a month, came out cured, and has remained a temperate man ever since. We accept that statement without reservation of any sort or kind. But then, we have not denied—we have distinctly admitted—that the Institute can undoubtedly point to cases, perhaps many cases, where the treatment has, at any rate for a time, cured the patient of the drink disease.

The other side is very well put in the following letter, which we may say is written by an officer still in His Majesty's service:—

"I thank you sincerely for your exposure of the Keeley "Institute.

"It is a disgrace to the Legislature that an organisa- "tion of this sort, existing for no other purpose than "money making, should be allowed to continue, and I "could wish that you, Sir, from your place in the House "of Commons, would denounce it, and the publications "in which its advertisements appear, for they are acces- "sories.

"My experience is as follows: In the middle of a bout "of drinking one comes across the oft-read advertise- "ment promising an absolute cure of what is truly a "disease. Everything is put aside in the rush to the "promised land. The craving is to be killed, one is to "be relieved of the burden that, believe me, renders life "worth but little to the victim.

"The cost of the treatment is a facer to the patient. "Twenty-four pounds, plus the expenses of reaching "London, and living there for a month. Still, it is not "allowed to stand in the way; and in many "cases subscriptions are raised, friends are asked "to assist, in order that the treatment may be had.

"The Resident Doctor is sure that the disease can be "cured. It is not hereditary, it is this, it is that, but it "is, above all, curable, and off you go. If you complain "about the second or third week that you still crave "liquor, you may be given a special dose, and when, at "the end, you say that you feel no better than when you "begun, as likely as not you will learn that yours is an "obstinate case, requiring another fortnight's treatment, "with another fortnight's fees, be it noted, and expenses. "Refusing this, now that sanity has returned, you are told "that it is incumbent on you to protect your cure.

"You are 'cured' at an expense of forty pounds one way "and the other, and you have to *protect your cure*. It is "too lovely.

"You return home, wiser, but sad, and then the strug- "gle begins. The craving grows strong and ever "stronger; yet, having paid so much to be cured, you do "not wish to give way. You fight and fight, till at last "further resistance is impossible; the breakdown comes, "and then God help you.

"This is no fancy picture, sir; it is absolute truth. In "my case, everything possible was done to help me. No "intoxicants entered the house, those around me did all "they could, without avail. My cure did not protect me, "and I could not protect my cure.

"At the house where I stayed while being cured, there "were no less than twenty other patients, coming and "going, while I was there, and I venture to bet that not "four of these are still 'cured.'

"The financial aspect of the Institute is worth considera- "tion. At a very moderate estimate they deal with "twenty patients a month, which at £24 equals "£480 a month, or nearly £6,000 a year; set aside £1,000 "a year for expenses, and somebody is reaping a very "handsome profit, even after advertisements and Press "subsidies are paid."

The statements in this letter are almost identical with those made by the gentlemen to whom we referred in an earlier issue, and by others who have communicated with us on the subject.

In the *Times* the other day there was another of those leader advertisements which are doing such good commercial service to the Keeley Institute, and it touches upon the gravest point of all in connection with this treatment. It says:—

"The Keeley treatment has often been charged with "having some harmful effect on the brain. The Medical "Investigator (that is to say, the gentleman representing "the 'Times' at the Committee Meeting to which refer- "ence has been made) directed many questions to ascer- "tain how far this statement had any basis of fact, and "he was thoroughly convinced that such imputation is "groundless. On the contrary, there was abundant evi- "dence to show that the faculties brightened from the "moment that the treatment was begun."

Now, what was this "abundant evidence" which satisfied the medical man deputed by the "Times" to examine into matters at the Institute? Nobody supposes that ex-patients going to the Institute to testify to the success of the cure in their own persons would carry with them proof of its injurious effect, mentally or physically. Where, then is the evidence upon which this doctor relies? Taking his own statement, there is none. He was content to examine the people who passed before him, the selected specimens of the cure, and this he thought sufficient to enable him to say that there is "abundant evidence" to show that the allegation that the treatment is often harmful is groundless. The present writer is able to say, without any kind of hesitation, that, in some cases, at any rate, the treatment is most injurious, but he does not pretend to say that he has personal knowledge of many who have been ruined in health and intellect by the treatment. He does say, and he can prove, that he has knowledge of one man in the prime of life, who went into the Institute and went through a six weeks' course of treatment, who relapsed on coming out, who went back for a second course of treatment, who relapsed again, and went back to be treated a third time, and who, going in the first time in good health, save that he was a drunkard, came out the third time shattered in body and in mind.

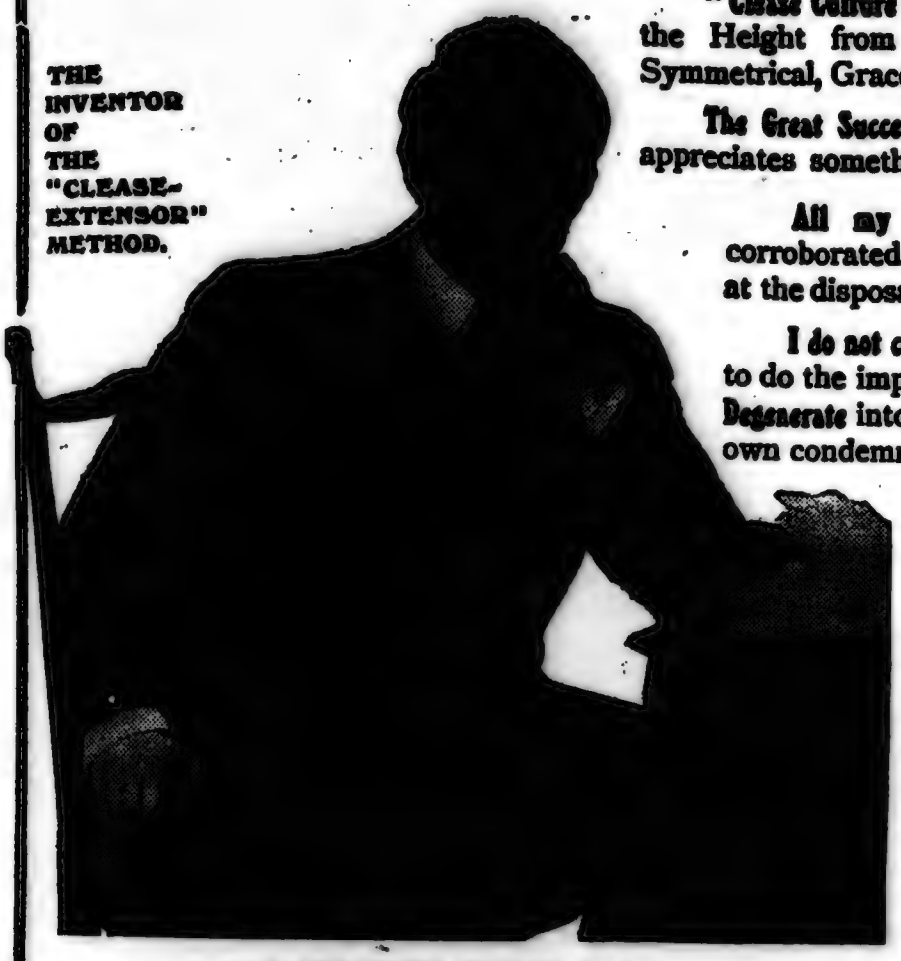
The *Times*, or rather, the leader writer, who is a member of the "Times" advertising staff, goes on to say:—

"The question that forced itself upon the mind, in "leaving the Institute after hearing such a volume of "unimpeachable facts, was why its cure has never yet "been tried by the official redeemers of the inebriate in "those State Institutions of which they have the respon- "sible charge."

We should have thought that this question was easy to answer. The Keeley treatment is a secret treatment. No one outside the Keeley Institute knows, or is supposed to know, the character of the medicine given. Since when, we would ask, has it been suggested that Institutions controlled by the Government of this country should ally themselves with quacks, with men who, for one reason or another, refuse to disclose the constituents of the medicines they give to their patients?

And here we come once more to the question of how the Committee of Investigation justify their approval of the fees charged by the Institute. We say nothing of the management of the Institute. Its proprietors are men who run it for the purposes of commercial gain, and commercial gain only. That being so, they charge the highest fees which, in their judgment, are not prohibitive—fees that will bring most grist to the mill. But the Committee of Investigation, who are not part of the management, have no interest in the financial success of the Institute. Their one object, if we believe them, and we have no desire to question their good faith, is to bring a cure which they consider a real one, a cure for one of the most horrible weaknesses that can afflict mankind, within the reach of all. If that be so, why do they not insist that the fees charged shall be brought within the reach of the man of modest means, that the cure itself shall cease to be a secret cure? The present charge, all told, is six guineas a week; if it were reduced to two guineas a week it would more than cover expenses. Why are the Committee content that the fees should remain at six guineas? And why content that the cure shall remain a secret cure? And why content that the charge that the medicine itself is a most dangerous drug should not be investigated by competent authority? It would be interesting to have their answers to these questions.

Let me tell you what "Clease Culture" is.



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Three years member of Physical Training Staff in British Army at Aldershot.
Director of exercise Haileybury College, Hertford, England.
Three years Director of Public Gymnasiums of Dundee, Scotland, and of the East of Scotland Ladies' Academy. Head of Champion Gymnastic Team of England and Scotland.
Five years Physical Director of Birmingham Athletic Institute (the largest of its kind in Britain), also the Pupil Teachers' Centre (Ladies'), Birmingham, England, and Physical Director National Schools and Teachers' Training College at Wolverhampton, England.
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The majority of people are sceptical concerning the possibilities of increasing the height of the human body, after what is termed "the growing age" is passed away. This scepticism is perfectly natural, and it is to such persons I specially address myself.

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Kindly call or write for an appointment; but if for any reason this be not possible, write for my 64-page illustrated Treatise, entitled "Why you are not Taller," which will be sent post free by return.

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BULL'S-EYES.

Reflected From Our Own Lanterns.

Rumour says that short mid-day services were held in the Chicago packing yards for the employees. Their one and only prayer now will be for a new market for the goods.

Sing a song of millions
With faces all awry,
Every kind of offal
Faked for us to buy.
Could we but mete justice,
We'd store the stuff on shelves,
And force the Beef Trust Magnates
To eat the lot themselves.

The London Dental Aid Society is again cadging for subscriptions. We hope no one will bite.

Truth will out occasionally, not only in an affidavit, but also in a company prospectus. We read the other day in the announcement of a forthcoming Motor 'Bus flotation that the capital of the concern would consist of £100,000 in £1 *snares*.

The "Evening News" calls upon its readers to "keep their tram-tickets. If what the "Star ' says is true they are likely to do so—for ever!

We are asked to state that *P.T.O.* does not stand for *P*earson's *T*ariff *O*rgan, although from the first lines of its introductory article, we feared it would be *M*ainly *A*bout *P*earson.

A Northampton advertiser in one of the papers says, "I stitch brains into your boots." That will suit a great many people. It is where they keep them.

That is a queer little game the Liberals played in Hanover Square, putting up a candidate, allowing him to issue an Election Address, and then withdrawing him at the last moment—"because the time allowed did not give them a chance of a square fight." What I expect is that it offered them too early a chance to put their hands in their pockets to find the money.

I understand that the philanthropic proposal of the Gordon Hotels Company to arrange a scheme of old-age pensions on the stop-pay system is still receiving the earnest attention of the barmaids, who will be eligible for pensions at sixty. The defect of the scheme is that barmaids never reach sixty. They are never more than nineteen at most; and some of them do their hair younger.

We hear from the *Pelican* that "a well-known doctor received from a lady clairvoyant the name of the winner of the Derby several hours before the race was run. A successful ex *Spear i*) *mint*, evidently!

We read that the eminent Jesuit priest at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, has Vaughaned the "Smart Set" of its impending doom.

There is no truth in the rumour that the proprietors of the Ritz and Carlton Hotels have approached the chairman of the Poplar Guardians with a view to his becoming their general manager.

The Daily Mirror says: "In reply to a question as to the validity of tickets of admission to the swimming baths issued some ten to fifteen years ago, the Kensington Borough Council has given directions to the superintendent to accept them." These ticket-holders must really be getting a bit dirty.

Speaking at Brighton, last week, the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., said that in order to popularise the first electric tram-car, he used his mother-in-law as a "decoy duck." Here is a hint to looping-the-loopers and parachutists.

When Miss Ellen Terry, at her jubilee banquet the other day, said that a little jubilee went a long way, some wag exclaimed: "Don't Jubileeve it!"

Mr. Justice Grantham, in his *apologia pro vita sua*, called his critics fools. But there, Mr. Justice Grantham is no judge.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie visited the Vesuvius Observatory to witness the falling in of the crater. Any Irishman would have done his best to prevent such a catastrophe.

"*Nearly* all things of value improve with age, why not women?" asks the "Boudoir." Are they not dear enough already?

Mr. Birrell has done a great deal of up-and-down running on the Education Bill, so called, because it has nothing to do with education. If he is not careful he will get himself known as The Squirrel.

The unmasking of Craddock and his subsequent conviction appears to show that there are three forms of spiritualism—a good, a bad, and a medium.

Craddock was obviously an evil spirit, like much Scotch and some Irish, but whether he claims to be patent still or pot still, goodness only knows. He will probably be still for a long time to come, anyhow.

That is a gruesome kind of advertiser who has got his name in one of the Liverpool papers. "Wanted," he says, "five hundred human fingers to wear engagement and wedding rings, 10 shillings to £10." Marriage is as you view it, as you like it, and as you happen to get it; but it is not advisable that matrimonial candidates should be unduly cut up about it.

The Editors of the Fatherland, those of them who did not happen to be in prison for *lèse majesté*, had a hearty good time in London. It was the most acceptable German band which has been here for a long time; and now that the editors have returned to their own country, England will feel much obliged if they will make a leading article of civility.

Perhaps the Kaiser will honour us with a visit by-and-by. John Bull wishes him no harm. After all, his Majesty is not the only eminent person who cannot keep his tongue still.

Mr. Burns remarked "that he came there (Brighton) more frequently than some of them would think. (Laughter and applause.)"

President Roosevelt exclaimed: "This is the day for the man with a patch on his breeches to come forward, and for the man-of-the-dollar to go to the rear." Naturally the unpatched man need not go there at all.

It is regrettable that the Scots Guards joke with so much difficulty. We hear that the recent riots originated in an innocent remark about the scratching of a horse.

With reference to an attack by "one of the quacks," Mr. James Crow protests that he is not a journalist. He is at least an hebdomalist.

Who is dirtier than a dirty Frenchman? runs the old riddle. *A clean German!*

"*Fifty Editors Poisoned*" in America. O si sic omnes!

It is lamentable that a gentleman of Mr. Asquith's decorous habits should have to escape by the back door, because the Petticoats desire to meet him at the front door. These performances should really be confined to conjurers versed in the intricacies of the vanishing art. After all, the ladies would not have hurt him. They only wished to comb his hair for him.

A statesman once lived in Mayfair,
With talents as varied as rare.
When the Suffragettes came
He cried out "What a shame!
I believe they are after my hair."

"*P.O'T.*" announces that Sir George Farwell has just become a happy father. He has been one for many years, and the only recent addition to his family is to be found in the marriage of his son.

Mr. John Ward, M.P., says: "If a woman hits me in the face, I see no reason why I should not knock her down." Other navvies have thought the same; whilst others have preferred hob-nailed boots.

Although ninety-five years old, a resident of Wyndham, Maine, is cutting a fresh set of teeth. Dentist, probably, but the account doesn't say.

For the loss of her scalp in a machinery accident, an American girl has been paid £3,000 by an assurance company. All the girls in the vicinity are losing their heads.

Yarmouth claims that it possesses the highest school attendance in the kingdom. The Yarmouth people know something. They keep the children busy, and allow the bloaters time to grow.

A white sparrow has been seen at Brook Green, Shepherd's Bush. Hence this sparrowgraph.

Thieves broke into the workhouse at Saunderton, near Wycombe, and collared a quantity of stamps and an overcoat. Naturally they knew where the ratepayers' money was.

Magisterial wisdom:—

> Mr. Cluer (at Old Street Police Court, to woman who was challenged as to the date and place of birth of one of her children): Mothers often make mistakes about their babies.

The learned magistrate is wrong. It is generally the fathers who make these mistakes.

Miss Billington says she has no use for "man-made laws." She only uses "woman-made claws."

At a meeting held by the Newspaper Society last week, certain newspaper proprietors and editors considered the question of controlling the publication of news during a war between this country and any other great Power. We beg to move that all words after "news" be deleted.

From the "Daily Mail":—

> The Chemical Society last night considered the derivatives of the mixed alephatic aromatic benzenesulphonyl benzylenedinamines.

This was *before* dinner.

While shooting at a blackbird at Harlow recently a woman hit by accident a local farmer walking in the roadway. Had she aimed at the man she might have killed the bird. The end would have justified the means.

The "New York Journal" tells us beauty has absolutely nothing to do with a woman's success in the world. How horribly ugly all our principal actresses must be.

King Haakon had no need to carve and hack his way to glory. He merely went with an Olaf branch.

We read:—

> Firing at the hat of a lady sitting on the ground, which he mistook for a rabbit, a man severely wounded her and her companion at Summer Hills (New Zealand) recently.

In fact, the man did not know the difference between a rabbit and hair. Besides, why should the hat of a lady sit on the ground?

From the evening papers:—

> Having completely lost his memory, a Bingley tailor, whose identity was discovered by a doctor's bill in his possession, was yesterday restored to his friends by the Leeds police.

Our physician tells us that many of his patients get similarly afflicted when their bills come in.

From the "Evening News":—

> The weather of the past few days has caused enterprising American bar-tenders "furiously to think."

It has caused their customers "furiously to drink."

"I was promised justice in France," declared Edward Guerin, who was charged at Bow Street Police Court with being a fugitive from justice, "but they doubled my sentence." This does not prove that France broke its word.

The report of Major Pringle, who has been inquiring for the Railway Department of the Board of Trade into the Charing Cross roof collapse on December 5 last, was published on June 14. The indecent haste displayed takes our breath away; but there, this line has a reputation for celerity to keep up.

According to Mr. Andrew Lang, on seeing a phantom in black and white a man would do well to consult his physician; it may mean appendicitis. Others might call it Scotch whisky.

In concluding a speech at Chippenham a clergyman quoted the text which winds up with, "But the expectation of the wicked will be cut off." On resuming his seat the chair collapsed, and he was deposited on the floor.

A lady writer says an American woman of forty may be said to be in her prime, owing to the care she takes of herself. The Americans are, of course, great preservers.

A panic was caused at the Colchester Hippodrome the other night by the appearance of a large bull in the gallery, which seemed to take great interest in the scenery. Only natural; were there not calves on the stage at the time?

Among wrecks and casualties we sorrowfully read, "Gwendoline, while at sea with a hopper, was run into by Nancy Hughes of Pittenweem. The latter returned damaged, and Gwendoline settled down and sank." Ladies seem to be the same all the world over, ashore or afloat.

An old gentleman of Connecticut tendered a railway ticket which he bought fifty years ago. He is ninety-two now, and decided that if he kept the ticket much longer it would be on his hands. So after all this craze for "keeping your tickets" is no new thing.

It's always safe to go away on a Bank Holiday. Any financial expert will tell you that on the eve of a national festival Home Rails are generally firm.

There is no doubt now about ballooning becoming a craze, for it has gone beyond the pastime stage and become a cure, says someone in the know. The only drawback is that, though we certainly go up in the world there is always the mortification of coming down again.

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THE MARTYRDOM OF UNBELIEVERS.

By Ward Muir.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," is a phrase of which no one would deny the literal truth; yet as a nation, we seem singularly blind to the fact that martrydom, not being confined to persons of a religious turn of mind, may be the seed of other mighty movements as well as those ecclesiastical. To an intelligent onlooker at the trend of present-day thought, indeed, the spread of atheism, agnosticism, and anti-clericalism seems traceable to a species of Martyrdom which is ironically unlike that alluded to in the proverb above quoted. I refer to the martyrdom of silence endured by those unhappy individuals whose existence is led in the midst of friends or relatives from whom they dissent on theological topics.

All over this most self-satisfied country of ours are scattered homes containing martyrs of the sort I mean. At this moment, in hundreds of such homes, the youths and maidens who are to build the future of our land are kept tongue-tied, while their parents placidly pursue a mode of life, a course of thought, which is to the children incomprehensible and repellant. Hearts seethe with questions and protests which may never be uttered; or which (if courage be screwed up to utter them) are immediately crushed by a lecture of reproof, a look of pain, a hint of "shocked-ness."

"Shocked!" What a world of misery that word has to answer for! Mother would be "shocked" if daughter were so much as to suggest that she did not quite agree with the ideals she was taught in her nursery. Father would be "shocked" if son were to confess that family prayers had become to him mechanical and meaningless. Aunt would be "shocked" if niece questioned the simple doctrine of reward for "goodness" and punishment for "badness." Uncle would be "shocked" if nephew were honestly to say what he thought of missions to the heathen. So son and daughter, nephew and niece, are gagged for fear a chance expression of disbelief or even of uncertainty should wound the hearts of those they love and revere—while all the time that love and reverence is being surely sapped by constant wounds to their own feelings.

I wonder if parents realise that they are as capable of "shocking" their children as their children are of "shocking" them? I wonder if Mr. Smith, the comfortable churchwarden, could ever be brought to perceive that when he indignantly forbade young Smith to discuss "sacred matters" with him, he killed his son's respect (if not his affection) and upraised a barrier between them which will never be removed? I wonder if Mrs. Robinson, tearfully chiding Miss Robinson because she expressed a doubt as to the correctness of the Biblical narrative, had the remotest inkling of the wrong she was doing her daughter? Young Smith is made a scoffer for life by the action of his father, the churchwarden. The Robinson girl—who is, perhaps, just beginning to think for herself—loses her faith at a blow.

This ban which is placed upon the discussion of religious matters will have much to answer for when the great Reckoning comes. We talk with superiority of the by-gone tortures of the Inquisition; but those tortures are with us in the Christian England of to-day. The child whose budding intelligence is hourly bruised by the biassed deafness of parents is on as agonising a rack as was the heretic of old; and every turn of the screw is given not by some unseen execrated tyrant, but by the persons whom he would fain love most intimately and sweetly.

There is hardly a pious family of any size which does not include some sad member who is patiently living a lie for the sake of sparing the tender sentiments of those amongst whom he moves. Herein is the dreadful feature of this mute persecution. Thousands, perhaps millions, dare not confess their unbelief. Many a lad hurts his conscience for years by attending a place of worship he disapproves of, because he would be looked upon as a wicked ne'er-do-weel if he refrained. Many a trembling girl frames meaningless petitions at her mother's knee, and even takes the Communion, for sheer terror of the result if she refused—as her conscience tells her she ought to refuse. Oh, yes, unbelievers have consciences—quite as clamant consciences as those of believers.

Martyrs . . . I can see them, a mighty army of young, energetic, curbed souls . . . struggling with their unexpressed difficulties . . . impotent . . . sufferers beneath every "Christian" rooftree . . . dumb . . . rebellious . . . hating . . . wronged . . . the bitter Voltaires and Ingersolls of the future.

GLOBE

PASTE IN TINS.
LIQUID IN CANS.

Statements have been circulated that we only supply Globe Polish as a paste in tins. These statements are not, however, accurate, for we also supply Globe Polish in liquid form in cans. Both are equally effective, and both have the same characteristic, to which we would specially draw your attention, and that is, you should not—unless you wish to be extravagant—use either too much Paste or Liquid when cleaning your metal-work with GLOBE.

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Stockton-on-Tees.

POLISH

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Meteoric.

No one rises, or falls, in fame, position, or popularity quicker than the racing forces, especially jockeys, and I am pleased to see Rollason even having an occasional ride on the flat, for no jockey made more phenomenal strides to the front these last few weeks of the winter season. Rollason, who is no relation to Lambton's light-weight of that name, is a fine horseman, and his case I can only compare as similar to, and as much deserved as, those in turn of Harry Escott and W. Halsey. All three had to literally make their own way, accepting the most undesirable, hopeless sort of mounts, whose chances of even completing the course were poor.

Voice v. Metal.

The difference which the louder voiced "little" men in the middle of the ring make to those on the rails is considerable. Assuming that an owner requires a big sum on his horse and has been offered even money by a leading fielder, the backer is not likely to accept it when probably hearing "5 to 4 the field" shouted by someone, who would probably only lay it to about two sovereigns. There is no getting away from the fact that the big men don't like their smaller confrères in the ring for this very reason.

Between Two Fires.

A Turf writer occupies an unenviable position, for in endeavouring to do his duty to the public in "tipping" a man's horse, he frequently offends the owner and the trainer. In addition to this, one of two things must happen—the horse has to win or be beaten. If he loses, backers generally proclaim the vaticinator an egregious ass, however good the basis of the selection originally. He is usually favoured with post-card communications intimating how the writer of them could do infinitely better, and suggesting that the task might be left in future to others—generally the office boy. If, on the other hand, the horse should win, it is the bookmakers who apply opprobious names to the unfortunate scribe.

All Water Runs to the River.

We continue to hear the justified complaint that if a "little" man possesses a useful horse he is never given a chance, and to the manipulating gambling stable do all the big handicaps fall. The real reason is that the little owner is over-anxious—that is, as soon as his horse is fit and well—or before—he wants him to run, in the natural sporting desire of seeing his colours unfurled. The betting stables do not care a fig about such sentiment, and therefore they can wait while their more sporting opponents practically kill themselves by continual competition, whereby the others get on exact line of the form, and, through home gallops, know by how far they can beat him; and they invariably do.

Correspondents.

I do not seek correspondence, and only occasional correspondents upon any rational, reasonable matter may be answered; it is unfair to wantonly saddle any man with the most abstruse questions, particularly when they concern matters of fact which the enquirer may, just as readily as he can, ascertain from any book of form or records of the past. More particularly will it be my earnest, pleasurable effort to prevent any of my readers from falling into the clutches of the countless swindling betting agencies which exist. To many, my drastic articles upon this subject will doubtless be known, and my "Black List"—the collection of years—will enable me to answer in confidence any who are dubious regarding those with whom they are dealing, or may be entertaining so doing. Primarily, let me advise all *never* to open accounts with those firms who circularise them unsolicited; and not to heed any specious excuses or reasons which they may give for addressing them. No good man seeks such custom nor offers indiscriminate credit, especially with metropolitan firms. Unless the bookmaker is a member of one of the leading clubs, the Victoria, Albert, Beaufort, Oxford, etc., don't deal, for such membership is what is sought for instanter by any man who is in the least qualified to procure it.

Wrong 'Uns.

Their name is truly legion! Quite half the circularising fraternity among "S.P. bookmakers" are warned off the Turf as defaulters themselves, so that, as they cannot go and bet in the ring, where they would stand the chance of prosecution or being knocked about, they hire an office (or probably merely a place for an address), and shelter themselves behind the English "law." That law is truly asinine. There are plenty of commission agents of the present day who are quite good enough, and yet are what may be termed "wrongish," the fact being that they pay according to who the person is and whether they know him. At times the biggest defaulters pay out substantially. With a good many it is a case that they will pay you if they know you, or it suits them, and not without.

Loopholes.

I am repeatedly having cases pointed out to me in which even some of the leading and undoubtedly substantial firms of commission agents take extraordinary advantage of their punters. It is either a distorted rule, an ambiguous letter, or something that makes them "not on" when they win. I cannot understand backers standing some of the rules, especially that as to the time at which the wire is to be received. The official time should be accepted, not that when it actually reaches the

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BUSINESS BY CORRESPONDENCE ONLY.

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Telegrams: FLASHLIGHT, LONDON.

Telephones: 2447, 2448, 3062 Gerrard

"His terms are liberal, and it is certain that once a backer has any dealing with Mr. Read he is sure to come back again, for fairness in all his dealings has always been characteristic of Mr. Read. The fact that his clients are so numerous speaks for itself, and sets the hall mark on his bona-fides, and personally we have reason to know that this is a thoroughly genuine business, and as such, we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers. He has just issued a book of rules which can be carried in one's waistcoat pocket, and contains the rules governing Mr. Read's business, a host of information invaluable to those who follow racing."—*Sussex Evening Times*, Friday, March 9th, 1906.

layers, for in such cases one would always be "on" if a losing message, while it gives a very wide margin to declare that a telegram was "not received," if a winning wire. I know of a most emphatic case recently, in which, luckily, official evidence disproved the non-delivery of the telegram—this being quite a favourite ruse.

A Good Game.

Judging by the vast number of different bookmakers' prospectuses and circulars that I have had sent me, the "mug punter" is being baited for as much as ever by the swindling commission agents. Anyhow, I may save my readers from deliberately throwing their money away—although it is not possible to be everybody's guardian, a thankless office at best, and few would be quixotic enough to try to help the many. To avoid increasing my correspondence on this score, I must urge my readers to be guided by our advertisement columns, and yet to note that even this is no actual guarantee, for it is not a difficult matter, by bank and other personal references—of course from friends—to satisfy the advertisement department as to stability. However, if there is ground for complaint, not by anonymous letter, but duly substantiated, any such advertisement, if it has appeared, will at once be erased.

Some of the excuses which the "no limit and no pay" bookmaking brigade make are ludicrous, and their doings described by no other word than "diabolical." I have recently heard of a case in which a man was declared "not on," *as the clerk had forgotten to open the wire in time.* In another case, £100 being invested on a big race which cut down to two runners, the backer was coolly declared "not on" as "they didn't bet on matches." How often have we all had excuses made, either that the cheque has been omitted through a clerical error, or had one made out to someone else purposely sent to us, or heard that the principal "was away"? The pretty general ruse seems to be to plead a bad time, and ask the victim to wait a little while—which means for ever. I know one man who has been having this same bad time over every big race for nine years, and he has always "forgotten" to pay everybody. In the course of a few weeks I hope to be able to make disclosures as to how a swindling business is being carried on in two different names, with the most impudent, barefaced methods, and the police, who would prosecute a poor, straightgoing little street man, take no action, despite dozens of complaints, because the law doesn't make this deliberate robbery illegal.

The Future.

I hear that Batho will be dangerous at Worcester; whilst on all recent form Best Light should win Saturday's London Cup.

THE LAST CHANCE.

The next few days will see the closing of the list of subscribers to "Lloyd's" Library. As soon as the last set ordered on July 9 is supplied, all the printing plates will be destroyed, thus considerably enhancing the value of the sets already supplied. Subscriptions have come in in very large numbers from all classes of the community, and Messrs. Lloyd are to be congratulated upon their business enterprise in placing so worthy a collection of literature before so large a public and upon such remarkably reasonable terms.

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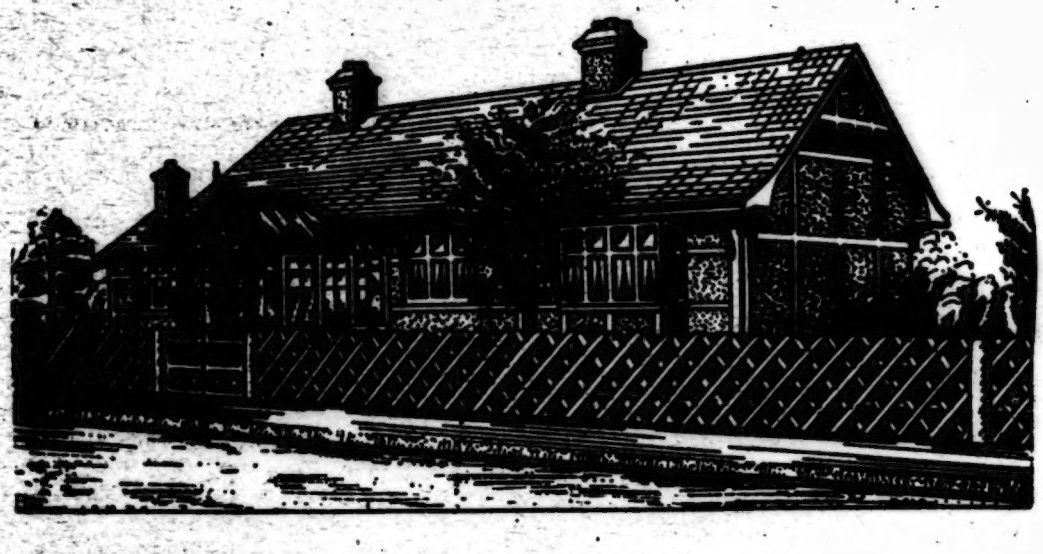

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layers, for in such cases one would always be "on" if a losing message, while it gives a very wide margin to declare that a telegram was "not received," if a winning wire. I know of a most emphatic case recently, in which, luckily, official evidence disproved the non-delivery of the telegram—this being quite a favourite ruse.

A Good Game.

Judging by the vast number of different bookmakers' prospectuses and circulars that I have had sent me, the "mug punter" is being baited for as much as ever by the swindling commission agents. Anyhow, I may save my readers from deliberately throwing their money away—although it is not possible to be everybody's guardian, a thankless office at best, and few would be quixotic enough to try to help the many. To avoid increasing my correspondence on this score, I must urge my readers to be guided by our advertisement columns, and yet to note that even this is no actual guarantee, for it is not a difficult matter, by bank and other personal references—of course from friends—to satisfy the advertisement department as to stability. However, if there is ground for complaint, not by anonymous letter, but duly substantiated, any such advertisement, if it has appeared, will at once be erased.

Some of the excuses which the "no limit and no pay" bookmaking brigade make are ludicrous, and their doings described by no other word than "diabolical." I have recently heard of a case in which a man was declared "not on," *as the clerk had forgotten to open the wire in time.* In another case, £100 being invested on a big race which cut down to two runners, the backer was coolly declared "not on" as "they didn't bet on matches." How often have we all had excuses made, either that the cheque has been omitted through a clerical error, or had one made out to someone else purposely sent to us, or heard that the principal "was away"? The pretty general ruse seems to be to plead a bad time, and ask the victim to wait a little while—which means for ever. I know one man who has been having this same bad time over every big race for nine years, and he has always "forgotten" to pay everybody. In the course of a few weeks I hope to be able to make disclosures as to how a swindling business is being carried on in two different names, with the most impudent, barefaced methods, and the police, who would prosecute a poor, straightgoing little street man, take no action, despite dozens of complaints, because the law doesn't make this deliberate robbery illegal.

The Future.

I hear that Batho will be dangerous at Worcester; whilst on all recent form Best Light should win Saturday's London Cup.

THE LAST CHANCE.

The next few days will see the closing of the list of subscribers to "Lloyd's" Library. As soon as the last set ordered on July 9 is supplied, all the printing plates will be destroyed, thus considerably enhancing the value of the sets already supplied. Subscriptions have come in in very large numbers from all classes of the community, and Messrs. Lloyd are to be congratulated upon their business enterprise in placing so worthy a collection of literature before so large a public and upon such remarkably reasonable terms.

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